

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

THE REASON OF A
2/6
FOUNTAIN PEN.

See Page 2.

No. 206.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

DENNIS, THE FAMOUS BOY PREACHER, AND HIS MOTHER.



Lonnie Dennis, the American boy preacher, who is making hundreds of converts in Holloway, where he is holding mission meetings. His mother is a coloured woman, and his father is of French and North American Indian birth. Lonnie Dennis is only ten years of age, but his eloquence in the pulpit is wonderful. He has preached since the age of four.

BIRTHS.

COSSOR.—On June 29, 1904, at 53, Aberdeen-road, Highbury, N., the wife of Frank Cossor, of a son.
FOURHAM.—On June 29, at 9, Phillimore-gardens, W., the wife of Alfred Russell Fourham, of a daughter.
PASFIELD.—On June 29, 1904, at the Cottage, Dorset-road, Woodford, the wife of George H. A. Pasfield, of a daughter.
VOGEL.—On June 29, at West Point, Craven Park, Wileston, N.W., the wife of P. J. Vogel, of a daughter (still-born).

MARRIAGES.

GAMBLE-PRANCE.—On June 28, at St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, by the Ven. Archdeacon of Totnes, D.D., V.O., Hon. Chaplain to the King, Rear-Admiral Edward Harpur Gamble, C.B., to Charlotte Mainwaring Prance, third daughter of William Henry Prance, of No. 12, The Crescent, Plymouth.
STEWART-FITZPATRICK.—On June 28, at St. Peter's Church, Cranley-gardens, S.W., by the Rev. W. S. Swayne, Vicar of the parish, James Stewart, Major, late Royal Engineers, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, of Williamwood, Renfrewshire, to Frederica Eliza Charlotte, widow of the late James Fitzgerald, and younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luigi Labache, of 51, Albany-street, N.W.

DEATHS.

BERGER.—On June 29, 1904, at Cranford Lodge, Reigate, Lewis Curwood Berger, aged 81.
FORBES.—On June 29, at 5, Gilmore-place, Edinburgh, Alexander Reginald Forbes, aged 70, youngest son of the late George Forbes, West Coates, Edinburgh, and grandson of Sir William Forbes, 6th Baronet, of Pitlochry, Fife, Scotland, died at this time only of influenza.
GOODRICH.—On June 29, at 186, Portersdown-road, Maidstone, W., in his 74th year, Arthur Matthew Goodrich, Funeral at Kensal Green Cemetery, to-morrow, at 2.30 p.m. No flowers, by special request. Friends will kindly accept this, the only intimation.

PERSONAL.

MABEL A. to Ernest.—Do write this week.
ADRIENNE.—When am I going to hear. I want you, darling.
P. C.—Don't trouble; will obtain help from another quarter.
BAPTIST.—Impossible, watched. Town in fortnight; wait. Letter Shirley.
CHARLIE.—Do come home, dear. All forgiven. Children asking for you.—D.O.T.
ALICE.—Shall fight till last penny gone. Had best opinion in London. Absolutely blind; but remember not just my luck, signed and sealed, a surprise for you yesterday. You say saw marriage of "H" in paper; prove it; ambition count. Also a surprise for JACK.
REWARD.—Left in hansom cab, Regent-street, on Monday, 27th, small cardboard roll containing photograph.—Apply Hall Porter, Windham Club, St. James's-square, S.W.
LOST, opera glass, June 9, in Queen's Hall.—Reward two guineas if returned to 19, Grenville-place, W.
 * * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day) are charged at 10 days' rate, eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the notice of the advertiser by post, in postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4d. and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 3, Carnarville-street, London.

SHIPPING, TOURS, Etc.

LONDON to NORWAY.—WILSON LINE. HOLIDAY TOURS and cruises at 10 days' rate, 15 guineas; 17 days' £10 15s. inclusive. Illustrated Handbook from W. E. BOTT and Co., Ltd., East India-street, E.C.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET.—TOD-NIGHT at 9. LADY FLIRT. Preceded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOD. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
IMPERIAL THEATRE.—MR. LEWIS WALLER. TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 9. MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 3. MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER. Preceded at 8.15 by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.
SHAFTESBURY.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in THE PRINCE OF PELOPS. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 3. Box Office 10 to 10.
ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. LAST NIGHTS OF THE SEASON. TONIGHT at 9. SATURDAY TO MONDAY. By Frederick Tenn and Richard Pye. At 8.30, O' M' E THUMB. By Frederick Tenn and Richard Pye. LAST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT at 2.30.
THE OXFORD.—VESTA TILLEY, Yukio Tani, Clark and Hamilton, Geo. Morant, Yveta Victoria, Joe O'Gorman, Dutch Dolly, Ernest and Richard Pye. Box Office open 11 to 5. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30. Manager, MR. ALBERT GILMER.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—TOD-NIGHT. GREAT SPORTS EXHIBITION. Lacrosse Match at 5.30 on Cycle Track—Coldstreamers v. Essex. QUASIMODO, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, IN THEATRE. At 4.0 and 8. Sir Hiram Maxine's Captive Flying Machine. Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards, C. P. Military Band, Walter Clavin, Rapid, Topsy-Turvy Ballet, and other attractions.
WORKS.—By Messrs. C. T. BROCK. Colonial Fire Pictures of the Russo-Japanese War. Table-top luncheon and dinner at 10 days' dining-rooms overlooking the grounds and firework displays. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by appointment.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—THE WORLD'S GROSS ROMAN CHAMPIONSHIP. ON SATURDAY, July 2, G. HACKENSCHEIDT, Champion of Europe, will wrestle TOM JENKINS, the American Champion, for the Championship of the World, and a Stake and Prize of £2,500. A Grand Display of Wrestling will also be given by Yukio Tani, Madrali, Seiffried, Pieri, Tom Cannon, George Barker, Bartolotti, etc. In addition a Grand Display of Fencing and Self Defence will be given by Prof. Felix Bertrand, Prof. Vigus, and Miss Sanderson. Doors open 7 p.m. Display commences 8 p.m. Championship Contest 8.30. Prices of Admission: Stalls, £3 3s. and £5 5s.; arena and lower orchestra, £2 2s.; upper orchestra, 1s. and 6d. Gallery, 1s. Rows 1 to 4, £1 1s.; Rows 5 to 10, 6d.; gallery, 5d. Seats may be booked at the Royal Albert Hall and at the Royal Theatre Ticket Office, Liverpool, and "Sportman's Office."
THE CHARING CROSS BAZAR.—EST. 1870. 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-street, within E.C. 1. London. and 23, Bedford-street, Charing Cross, W.C. 2. Assets, £297,790. Liabilities, £285,680. Surplus, £12,110. 21 per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards credited at 5 per cent. Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 per cent. per annum.
 Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Termination Deposit Bonds pay nearly 7 1/2 per cent. and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus. A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Southerly to westerly breezes; a few local thunderstorms, then fair and warm again. Lighting-up time: 9.15 p.m.
 Sea passages will be moderate to smooth generally.

THE WAR.

In a message from Liao-yang it is stated that the Japanese forces are advancing on that place along the eastern road, and, although General Count Keller will endeavour to frustrate the movement, the object of the Japanese is clearly to cut the communications in the rear of the main Russian army south of Liao-yang. Intermittent fighting marks the Japanese advance from the south, but in each case the Russians retire northwards.—(P. 3.)

The Vladivostok squadron has left port again, this time shelling Gensan, on the east coast of Korea, where they sank a steamer and a sailing ship. At Port Arthur the Japanese have advanced to within eight miles of the forts.—(Page 3.)

GENERAL.

His Majesty the King left Kiel for England at twenty minutes to seven yesterday morning.—(Page 3.)

Her Majesty the Queen paid an informal visit to the London docks and warehouses yesterday afternoon.—(Page 3.)

It is believed that at the Cabinet meeting the question of expediting the progress of the Licensing Bill, the Chinese labour difficulties, and the Opposition obstruction tactics were chiefly discussed.—(Page 3.)

Enthusiasm at the congress reached its highest yet, when, before 6,000 Salvationists, General Booth reviewed the work of the foreign missions.—(Page 4.)

Pigott, the "Clapton Messiah," is to be summoned to attend as a jurymen at the next inquest in the Spaxton district.—(Page 4.)

To save their comrades from being deprived of all leave, the Eton boys who went to Sandown Park races on Saturday have confessed. They are to be whisked.—(Page 4.)

James Gill, the Newry steepjack, has outwitted the police again. He left his "bed of sickness" and returned to the lofty chimney-stack.—(Page 4.)

Lonnie T. Dennis, an American boy preacher, is drawing enormous audiences in a tent at Holloway.—(Page 11.)

To-morrow the Lord Mayor, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Curzon, and Lord Charles Beresford, will be entertained at an "At Home" on the Buzard.—(Page 4.)

Her weight of three tons being too much for the woodwork, a baby elephant fell through the stage of the Leeds Empire, and her "cake-walk" performances have been cancelled.—(Page 4.)

In some mysterious manner the parish register of Stoke Damerel, Devon, found its way to the Leeds Empire, and 10 per cent. deposit, say terms if desired.—Plan, etc. (and with return railway ticket, 5s.) of the Vendor, Mr. F. G. Hodgson, 5 and 7, King William-street.

LAW AND CRIME.

In the Hooley case at Bow-street, Colonel Josiah Harris protested against being subpoenaed to give evidence against the fallen financier, with whom, he said, he had never had any business dealings.—(Page 5.)

Having changed her legatee three times, the will of an elderly and very eccentric lady named Miss Laura Wolley is being hotly contested in the Law Courts.—(Page 5.)

After two hours' deliberation the jury at Appleby found Elizabeth Nicholson not guilty of the charge of poisoning her late master, James Gilpin, a retired farmer.—(Page 5.)

Found guilty of perjury in the unsuccessful breach of promise action she brought against Major-General Fitz-Hugh, Mrs. Sophia Annie Watson, the ex-convent, was, at the Old Bailey, sentenced to four years' penal servitude.—(Page 5.)

SPORT.

Rock Sand won the Princess of Wales's Stakes in a canter at Newmarket, and Sundridge carried off the July Cup after a great race with Cossack.—(Page 14.)

Playing against Lancashire, Iremonger hit up another great score.—(Page 15.)

The death is announced of Tom Emmett, the famous old Yorkshire cricketer.—(Page 15.)

FINANCE.

Stock Exchange business suffered, owing to the attraction at Lord's. The tone of the markets was good, and Consols were better, influencing for the good "git-edged" securities. Home Rails went up, but American Rails were featureless. Nelson's improved. Kaffirs were cheerful, "bears" buying back.—(Page 6.)

HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

Auctions.

Every Plot Sold on the First and Second Sections. Second Sale on the Third Section.

MOUNT PLEASANT ESTATE, close to station, harbour, and pier, near the Victoria Hotel, and surrounding country; main Brighton road.
MESSES. PROTHEROE and MORRIS will OFFER 150 PLOTS of FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND in margins on the Estate on MONDAY, July 4, at 2 p.m.; road free; no title, land tax, or any other possession on payment of the "cake-walk," say terms if desired.—Plan, etc. (and with return railway ticket, 5s.) of the Vendor, Mr. F. G. Hodgson, 5 and 7, King William-street.

PITSE.

26 Miles of London, 9 1/2 South-east-on Sea. 150 large FREEHOLD PLOTS for house-plot, etc. MONDAY NEXT, July 4, at 2 p.m. Plans and rail tickets free.—Apply to F. C. Hall, Stratford Market, Essex.

THE LAND COMPANY, 68, Cheapside, E.C.

Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

CLAPHAM COURT, East-end, Clapham Park; charming suite of six rooms, with sunny and back entrance; electric light, hot and cold water; central heating; 4 1/2 weekly for a term, free of rates and taxes; also another suite, 21s. 6d. per week; seven minutes' walk from Electric and Chatham Railway.

DENBISH your landlord; you can spend the money to better advantage. Send postcard for copy to The Editor, 3, Brunel-street, London, E.C.

HOUSE to let, furnished, with 4 large bedrooms, large dining-parlour, drawing-room, and kitchen; spring water laid on in house and wash-house; with one acre of land, or at Allington, near the station, three-quarter mile from Allington Station (E.R.R.); by week, month, or year.—Apply to F. C. Hall, Stratford Market, Essex.

WIMBORNE.—Villas to let, or sale on easy terms; rents from £35; handsome elevations; tastefully decorated; electric light and fittings; sand and gravel soil; Polytechnic level ground adjoining; convenient electric light and no fees; company's own motor-bus to station in four minutes.—Apply for photos and particulars of Polytechnic Estate, Limited, Wimborne.

Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.

FIRST SALE, new Estate, near Southend-on-Sea; large portion sold privately, remainder for Auction, Thursday, July 7, at 2 p.m. The Estate comprises 100 acres of land; splendid opening for poultry farming, fruit growing, etc. The house is a large, modern, three-quarter mile from the station, ready, post free.—Apply The Land Company, 68, Cheapside, E.C.

MORTGAGES Sale, £450. Semi-detached villas, 5 bed rooms, and every convenience; 95 years' lease; 5000 sq. ft. close Hildersham Station.—Apply Mr. Donald 26, Manor Park, E.C. 5.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A. A.—"How Money Makes Money."—Post free to all mentioning this paper. Will clearly show anybody with £1 capital upwards how large profits may be made. £10 can make from £25 £10 profit per week. Not too good, is it? Capital returnable at any moment.—Hidley and Bannister, 11, Portland, London, E.C.

FIVE POUNDS to £500 ADVANCED, on shortest notice, on approved note of hand, on your own security; repayments to suit borrower's convenience; strictly private and no charges unless business completed.—Call or write for full particulars to the actual lender, James Winter, No. 259, Tottenham-street, Finsbury, E. London.

IMPORTANT to Capitalists.

Both large and small. Pamphlet post free explaining How Money May be Made.

Barter, Sea and May, 17, Fenchurch-street, London, E.C.

LOANS.—£10 upwards; householders, tradesmen, etc.; repay by post.—Bridge, Broadway, Woking.

LOANS.—£25 and upwards; repayments monthly, by post.—Apply Gould, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

MONEY advanced to householders and others; £5 to £1,500; without fees or interest; repayments to suit borrower's convenience.—Call or write Charles Stevens and Co., 29, Gillingham-street, Victoria Station.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-street, Finsbury.

WE do not say to-day that money is hard to come by, but we do say unhesitatingly that between now and the end of June American Railway Shares should be selling much higher.

This is what we wrote our clients on 31st May last, advising a purchase of American Railway Shares. You can have further information if you will communicate with us. Send at once for latest advice.—Rodway and Co., 25, Rood-lane, London, E.C. Telegrams, Bullseye, London. Telephone, 1,765 Central.

£5 to £1,000 Advanced to householders and others on approved note of hand; no interest required; trade bills discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.—Send for borrowing elsewhere write or call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 14, Lillingstone-grove, Islington, London.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET

AND WANTED.

FOLKESTONE.—Comfortable apartments, near Leas and Central Station; moderate terms.—Mrs. T. 46, Bourne-mouth-rd.

FOLKESTONE.—Grovelands Pension, 35, Earl's Avenue; newly furnished and under entirely new management; close to Leas Promenade; five minutes from Central Station; extensive views; every comfort; terms very moderate. Managers, Messrs. G. and J. Collier.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—Garibaldi Hotel for gentlemen; moderate terms; liberal table; French, Provost.

HASTINGS.—Facing sea; house, residence, 21s. 6d., 25s. 6d.—Mrs. Norman, 10, Pelham-crescent.

HASTINGS.—Rochester House—Mid-day dinner; three minutes from Central Station. French, Provost.

HERNE BAY.—To let, furnished or unfurnished, 4 nice rooms; sea view; 4, Alhambra, Parade.

RIVER.—Grand modern residence; garden; paying guest; terms 2s. to 50s. weekly.—Canab, 12, Walpole-gardens, Twickenham.

SANTON.—Thatched, Kent, facing sea; liberal table; terms moderate; send for references.

WELLFURNISHED Sitting and Bedroom; good cooking; attendance; near train, sea.—5, Vere-rd, Brighton.

WANTED, furnished rooms, close to river and boat-house; near London (Watling line).—Write 1,447, "Daily Mirror," 3, Carnarville-street, E.C.

BOARD RESIDENCE & APARTMENTS.

A COMFORTABLE Home offered gentlemen; most convenient for City and West End; near train, tube, tram, 21s. to 25s.—46, Highbury-park, near Highbury Barn, N.

BOARD RESIDENCE, Gentlemen only; near station; every comfort.—211, Sunnyside-rd, W. Hampstead.

BUSINESSES FOR SALE & WANTED.

CONFECTIONERS, H. Newagent, and Tobaccoist, South-end; good paying business; also shop and house; agents; price £150.—R. H. C. 91, South-avenue, Sutton-rd, Southend-on-Sea.

Other Small Advertisements appear on page 10.

FINE,
MEDIUM,
BROAD.



The "Daily Mirror"

FOUNTAIN PEN
IS SOLD AT
HALF-A-CROWN,

BECAUSE PART OF ITS VALUE
IS MONEY SPENT IN ADVERTISING THE "DAILY MIRROR"

"I have two pens which cost me 38/- together," writes Mr. F. Proctor, of 8, Broad Street, Teddington, S.W., "and they are simply nowhere alongside a 'Mirror' Pen. I have recommended friends to send for them at once. As a last word, I can only say that the pen is like the paper—the 'Mirror.' I mean excellent and right up-to-date."

THIS IS WHY YOU GET THIS OPPORTUNITY.

<p>The "DAILY MIRROR" FOUNTAIN PEN in 3 sizes of Pen Nibs, FINE, MEDIUM, BROAD.</p> <p>State Plainly on Coupon which style you prefer.</p> <p>NAME.....</p> <p>ADDRESS.....</p> <p>N.B.</p>	<p>CUT OUT THIS COUPON, fill in, and post to PEN DEPARTMENT, The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarville Street, London, E.C.</p> <p>I enclose P.O. for 2s. 7 1/2d., for which please send "D.M." Fountain Pen to</p>
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SEND SIXPENCE MORE and we will also send you a PEN POCKET CASE. You may purchase the pen at the West End Office for Small Advertisements of the "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

RUSSIAN SEDAN IN SIGHT.

Japanese Threaten To Cut Off Kuropatkin's Army.

ANOTHER SEA RAID.

Russians Sink Two Japanese Ships Off Korea.

The most important move of the Japanese land forces is indicated in the report that their troops are advancing upon Liao-yang (the Russian base) by the eastern road.

It is believed that General Count Keller will try to bar the way, but it is clear that a determined effort is being made to cut off the communications of the main Russian forces, which are believed to be concentrated on the railway near Haicheng, midway between Liao-yang and Newchwang.

Fighting continues south of Kaiping, as the result of which the Russians are gradually retiring northwards.

It is estimated that General Kuropatkin has about 125,000 troops between Kaiping and Mukden, and that opposed to these are about 240,000 Japanese.

ADVANCE ON LIAO-YANG.

Attempt To Out the Russian Communications.

LIAO-YANG, Wednesday.

The Japanese have forced the passage of the Mo-tien-ling Pass, and are advancing upon Liao-yang by the eastern road.

A Russian force, under the command of General Count Keller, is holding a fortified position commanding the road on this side of the pass.

The object of the Japanese is to cut the Russians' communications to the north of Liao-yang, while General Kuropatkin is operating with practically the whole of the Russian force in the vicinity of Haicheng.—Reuter's Special Service.

200 RUSSIANS KILLED.

General Kuropatkin reports to the Tsar that on the 27th inst. the Russians occupied Sen-yu-cheng, but later, the Japanese occupied the town, the Russians retiring northwards.

There was fighting on the 26th and 27th at Seudyan, when the Japanese were repulsed and the Japanese batteries silenced. About 200 Russians were killed.

General Kuropatkin adds that the advance from Fen-shui-ling to Mo-tien-ling continues.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

Sen-yu-cheng is below Kaiping (or Kaichau), south of Newchwang.

PARIS, Thursday.

The "Echo de Paris" confirms the report that General Kuropatkin has retreated, and that Kaiping has been evacuated.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

RUSSIANS SHELL GENSAN.

Two Japanese Vessels Sunk in the Harbour.

SEOUL, Thursday.

Official intelligence has been received here that the Vladivostok squadron, consisting of three cruisers and ten destroyers and torpedo boats, appeared off Gensan to-day, and threw 180 shells into the settlement.—Reuter's Special Service.

In an official report from Tokio issued at the Japanese Legation in London, it is stated that the Russian warships sank one steamship and one sailing vessel. Then they rejoined the three ships outside the harbour and disappeared. Two Koreans and two soldiers were slightly wounded.

NEWCHWANG, Thursday.

An official of the Russo-Chinese Bank here states that the Vladivostok fleet has been partially destroyed.—Reuter's Special Service.

Gensan (or Wonsan) is the most important town on the coast of Korea.

RIVAL FORCES FACING.

ROME, Thursday.

A dispatch received from Chifu states that the Japanese have advanced to within eight miles of the forts at Port Arthur, and that the rival forces can now see each other.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

QUEEN AMONG WORKMEN.

Her Majesty Spends an Hour at the Docks.

INTERESTED IN IVORY.

Queen Alexandra paid an informal visit to the London Docks and warehouses yesterday afternoon.

There was a delightful and truly English absence of ceremony. Her Majesty and her suite (the latter including the Hon. C. Knollys and the Hon. Sydney Greville) drove from Buckingham Palace to the dock gates, where they arrived about half-past three in two plain carriages. Here, as the royal party alighted, a few loyal spectators uncovered and cheered, and the Queen, evidently pleased at her little informal reception, graciously smiled at the greeting.

Passing at once into one of the great ivory warehouses her Majesty was shown a sight such as can be seen in few cities of the world.

THOUSANDS OF ELEPHANT TUSKS.

Scattered over an acre of flooring were thousands upon thousands of elephant tusks from all parts of the world, the admirers of which acknowledge the royal visitor's sway. By her Majesty's command the warehouse was in its everyday state—she walked round, chatting with her attendants, and watched the busy workmen handling tons of the precious ivory, appearing much interested while the managers explained how 20,000 elephants died annually to supply London's great demand for their tusks.

Such an exhibition, almost priceless in value, must have thrown an interesting sidelight on the wealth of the Empire over which her Majesty rules. One gigantic tusk shown here was alone worth £80.

After an hour spent in viewing this rough ivory the royal party drove by way of the Minorities and Houndsditch to the dock warehouses in Cutler-street.

Here they were shown a collection of precious merchandise that would have put to shame anything seen by Haroun-al-Raschid in his wanderings. Here were fine carpets from Turkey and Persia, ostrich plumes from Egypt and South Africa, splendid silks from India and China, plumage of humming-birds, birds of paradise, and every other brilliant-hued bird that flutters under tropical suns.

THE QUEEN'S INTEREST.

The royal lady, in her simple grey dress, viewed everything with the keenest interest and listened with evident enjoyment to the explanations of her guides, asking now and then a question which showed her enjoyment in this novel form of entertainment.

Then the visit was extended to one of the great tea-rooms, where teas of China and India to the value of thousands of pounds were lying.

At last, after spending nearly three hours in seeing the heart of the trading centre, the four ladies upon which the greatness of her mighty Empire has been reared, her Majesty, expressing the gratification afforded by her visit, drove back, as quietly and unostentatiously as she had come, to Buckingham Palace.

EXPLOSIVES IN DUST.

Lyddite Cartridges Blow Up Men In a Refuse Barge.

Two men employed in filling a barge with dust at the City of Westminster's wharf, Ebury Bridge, were recently suddenly blown up into the air.

The contents of the barge on which the explosion occurred have been very closely examined, and were found to contain a choice assortment of explosives, among which were a very large number of lyddite cartridges, several ordinary cartridges, and a small tin of gunpowder.

The men were engaged in burning some of the lyddite cartridges to obtain the copper wire to which they were attached.

The dust came from two districts. One portion was collected from two dustbins in Victoria-street, the Horse Guards, and several Government offices, among which is that which controls explosives in the Board of Trade. The other lot arrived from a district which includes Knightsbridge Barracks.

HURRICANE KILLS 150 RUSSIANS.

Moscow, Thursday.

A violent hurricane, accompanied by a severe hailstorm, swept over Moscow and district yesterday. Many factory chimneys, houses in course of erection, and cupolas of churches were blown down. Eighty-five persons had been admitted to the hospitals, and three persons have been killed.

In the outlying villages 150 are reported to have lost their lives, many villages being annihilated.—Reuter.

EXPLOSION AT KRONSTADT.

An explosive outrage at Kronstadt last night destroyed part of the Arsenal, including the chemical laboratory.

It is believed that the explosion was the result of an outrage.—Reuter.

IN FIGHTING TRIM.

Government Showing a Firm Front to Obstructive Tactics.

Unmistakable indications were forthcoming yesterday that the Government is bracing itself to meet the present critical situation, and to ensure, as far as lies in its power, rapid progress to the measures which have been brought before the House of Commons.

A Cabinet meeting, which came quite as a surprise, was specially summoned at the Foreign Office at noon yesterday. Though speculation as to its real meaning took a wide range, there are good grounds for believing that the question of expediting the progress of the Licensing Bill Committee, together with Chinese labour difficulties and the obstructive tactics of the Opposition, were the chief subjects of discussion.

The terms of Mr. Balfour's motion for closing the Licensing Bill by compartments in order to overcome the Opposition's organised obstruction appeared in yesterday's Parliamentary notice paper.

The motion comes before the House to-day, and against this Mr. Bryce made a protest during the question hour yesterday. He complained that inconveniently short notice had been given.

Mr. Balfour wished to know what the difficulty was. Had the right hon. gentleman great difficulty in marshalling his forces?

OPPOSITION'S DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Bryce replied that many members of the House were absent on account of previous engagements, and they would find it impossible to be present, among them being the Leader of the Opposition.

Mr. Balfour said there were precedents, for the course he was pursuing, in the Home Rule Bill, the Irish Labourers Bill, and the Education Bill, and he certainly did not see any reason why a longer interval should be given.

THE KING'S RETURN.

Departure Marred by Fatal Accident on British Warship.

KIEL, Thursday.

At twenty minutes to seven this morning King Edward started on his return to England on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, followed by a destroyer and a cruiser. The other attendant destroyers had already entered the canal during the night.

The morning was still dull, grey, and chilly as the royal yacht slipped her moorings and passed slowly down the sleeping line of German battle-ships. No salutes were fired, the farewell salvos having been given last night when the King left the Hohenzollern.

King Edward yesterday received the Chief Burgomaster in special audience, and thanked him for the hearty reception which his fleet had met with at Kiel, and especially for the presentation of a souvenir. His Majesty made a gift of £100 for the poor of the town.

The Victoria and Albert, with King Edward, passed the Baltic Canal swing bridge and met a great crowd of spectators had assembled, but the King was not on deck. The weather is now splendid.—Reuter.

The King is expected to arrive at Charing Cross by special train from Port Victoria at one this afternoon.

TWO MEN KILLED BY EXPLOSION.

The departure of the Royal yacht from the Kiel canal was marred by a fatal accident on one of the escorting cruisers.

A rocket exploded on H.M.S. Juno, by which two men were killed and the cruiser set on fire, which was, however, promptly extinguished.

MECCA OF CRIPPLES.

Scotch Miracle-Worker Finds 1,000 Patients at Bolton.

The Scotch miracle worker, William Rae, yesterday arrived at Bolton from Blantyre.

His decision to visit Lancashire, which has supplied him with so many patients, has led to a considerable alteration in the plans of his clientele. One railway company was making arrangements to run a special train for 300 patients to Scotland before Mr. Rae's present trip was decided upon. From Bolton district patients have been going to Blantyre in big batches for many months, and Mr. Rae's treatment of the Bolton footballers did much to enhance his reputation.

Bolton is now a veritable Mecca for cripples, and yesterday there was a constant stream of patients flowing into the town from all parts. It is estimated that there are about a thousand persons waiting to consult him to-day.

Mr. Rae arrived with members of his family at half-past four, and was greeted by a large crowd.

It is feared the duration of the visit will scarcely avail for all to be treated. Two thousand tickets are to be issued to-day, and from these 400 will be selected by ballot, the winners of which will be first served.

IN THE EIGHTIES.

Yesterday Was the Hottest Day of the Year.

SIXPENNY WEATHER TIPS.

At three o'clock yesterday afternoon a Strand thermometer registered 80 degrees in the shade. The mercury stood at this reading for about fifteen minutes and then dropped to 77 degrees. It had made a record for the present summer and retired satisfied.

This was the first occasion on which 80 degrees have been registered. The nearest it got to that day in May, when the mercury climbed to 78 degrees at Putney. No previous day in June got above 77 degrees.

Everybody yesterday acknowledged a presentation that it must have been the hottest day of the year. They were right.

FIRST TASTE OF REAL SUMMER.

Many, indeed, would not have been surprised if the thermometers had recorded ten more degrees. Heat has been such a rarity for some seasons in London that comparatively little of it goes a long way towards making Londoners feel all the sympathy of a tropical visitation.

Eighty degrees in the shade is no trifle, coming as this record did, before people had been seriously putting to themselves the question: What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and whereat shall we be clothed?

When the oven was at its hottest yesterday City men—always excepting the bald who feared sun-stroke—carried their hats in their hands and left their waistcoats in the office. Hot lunches were also eschewed, and iced drinks had their first real inroads for 1904.

Omnibuses ran all day empty inside, and people wishing a seat on top had to wait till at least half-a-dozen passed. Several cab horses were demure-looking sun-bonnetts.

6d. WEATHER TIPS.

The headquarters staff of the Weather Clerk in Victoria-street, Westminster, have turned upsterns. With noble consideration for the infirmities of people who dread a choppy Channel, they will send, on receipt of sixpence, a telegraphic forecast of the sort of weather to be expected during the succeeding twenty-four hours.

Their predictions are guaranteed to last for the time specified. If by any mischance they fail, customers can have their money back. A prepaid telegram from any part of the Continent will receive the promptest attention. The weather prophets take no thought for profits.

Many "poor sailors" have tried the tips and found them trustworthy. Mr. G. R. Sims, for example, seldom ventures for a blow on the briny without first consulting the prophets.

Hitherto he used to consult the sea when he heaved; but now he only sails when the meteorologists wire "smooth as a mill-pond," or words to that effect. He skips across the gangway with all the airy indifference of a seasoned sail, at the instance of sixpennyworth of good cheer.

Admirals of the Fleet concerned for the Channel voyages of torpedo-boats habitually wire the Meteorological Office for forecasts.

BOON TO POOR SAILORS.

To "poor sailors" of all classes and both sexes these weather tips should prove a great boon. Several ladies of society are regular customers, being able to adapt their holidays to the fickleness of the sea. Yesterday a lady called at the Meteorological Office desirous of knowing what sort of weather might be expected for the second and third week of July.

That puzzled the prophets, who are bound by their contract with the Government never to prophesy for a longer period than one day and night. To pledge their word further would, they say, be hoaxing the public.

"Nobody can safely prophesy beyond twenty-four hours, because nobody has better appliances than we have for ascertaining. Really, of course, we do not prophesy at all. We only state what we know. Our tips, as you call them, are certainties."

GREAT ARTIST ILL.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., in a Grave Condition.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., is lying seriously ill at his residence at Kensington, suffering from an attack of bronchitis. It was stated, yesterday afternoon, that the veteran artist was much weaker and that the end might be expected at any moment. Mr. Watts is in his eighty-seventh year.

CHILD KISSES A LION.

At Merthyr Police Court yesterday Charles Craecraft, showman, Dowlais, for causing a child to take part in an exhibition endangering life and limb, was fined 20s. and costs.

Defendant is the owner of a small wild beast show and circus, and a child of six years was taken to a den of two lions. Two thousand feet between her and the animals with a loaded revolver in his hand. The child would execute the cake walk, and finally kiss one of the lions.

ETON BOY "BOOKIES."

Sporting Scholars Confess To Save Their Comrades.

OFFENDERS TO BE SWISHED

The Etonians who journeyed to Sandown Park races on Saturday instead of to Winchester to see the Eton and Winchester match have seen the error of their ways, and made a full confession to the head-master yesterday.

They are less than half a dozen in number, and are upper boys. Dr. Watre had given out that all leave would be stopped until the culprits were discovered, and as Henley and Lord's are next week this was a serious matter for the boys. The Etonians, however, are nothing if not loyal, and although they knew the culprits, they never gave them away. The guilty ones, however, had a very warm time yesterday morning with their school fellows, who urged them to own up; and, finally penitent, the few boys told the Head of their guilt.

As they confessed and were very penitent, the head-master gave out that all leave was to be granted, and the boys burst out of school with the tidings of joy on their lips, and the good news soon spread over the town.

Boys who had tickets for matinees at London theatres caught the train for town, and friends were apprised by telegram of the gratifying intelligence.

To Be Swished on a Famous Block.

It is said that the culprits will be swished on the block where Dr. Keate used to perform mighty deeds, and which was stolen a few years ago. It has been known for some time past that several of the upper boys who are in their last term at school have been indulging in escapades of the most daring character, and some have been making a book even on both horse and boat races.

Those in the know say the Sandown incident is but a small affair compared with what has been done at Eton lately by a few boys.

As it is their last term at school, however, they have no fear of being expelled, and so they are by no means timid when there is any mischief in the air.

Exactly what has taken place has not transpired, but an Eton tradesman, when asked, said that some of these boys were "mistard," and if they did not get into serious trouble it was not their fault.

Much money has been won and lost by the boys over horse-racing, and there are a certain section of them who take the keenest interest in the winners when the evening papers arrive. Some of the boys' fathers own horses, so they generally know when a "good thing" is coming off, and make a plunge accordingly.

It is said that a pile of money was won by some boys over the Derby winner, St. Amant. The Eton authorities will say nothing about the matter, and efforts are being made to hush it up.

ONLY THIRTY LINES PASSED.

Mr. Winston Churchill Creates a Scene in the Aliens Committee.

The usual obstructive tactics were indulged in yesterday at the proceedings of the Committee on the Aliens Bill, and towards the close of the sitting Mr. Winston Churchill elicited the information that the Committee had passed only thirty lines of the Bill.

There was a scene when the Home Secretary declined to accept an amendment to prohibit the readmission of aliens who had been convicted in this country.

Mr. Winston Churchill complained that the Home Secretary had made gratuitous and impertinent observations with regard to himself. He was interrupted with loud cries of "Withdraw," but he went on to say that the Government did not want to pass the Bill, because they would offend some of their most powerful supporters, while, on the other hand, they must go on and satisfy their hard taskmasters from Birmingham and Sheffield. The amendment was rejected.

NEW LINE TO UXBRIDGE.

Monday next will see the public opening of yet another line of railway in the immediate neighbourhood of London.

The line in question is the Harrow and Uxbridge Railway. It is seven miles in length, and forms a continuation of the Baker-street and Harrow line, from the latter place to Uxbridge. It is, in fact, a new line from London to Uxbridge.

It is intended to be worked by electricity, and is one of the first sections of standard railway in Great Britain laid out from the outset for electric traction. The power will be obtained from the Metropolitan Company's generating station at Neasden. It is hoped this will be ready in the course of three or four months.

As soon as it is, the new rolling-stock, entirely English, will be put on. The cars will be of the open corridor type.

"MESSIAH" AS JURYMAN.

Clapton Impostor May Have To Attend an Inquest.

"Pigott the Lamb" is to be dragged from the "Abode of Love," at Spaxton, Somerset, to attend as a jurymen at the next inquest in the district.

The West Country people are greatly excited over the prospect of being permitted to gaze upon the august features of the "Clapton Messiah."

Some hope that he will defy the forces of the law, and, defended by his Amazons, stand a siege in his strongly-fortified retreat.

It would be a great sight to see "The Lamb" leave the "Abode of Love," escorted by a detachment of the county police.

Pigott is not protected by a male bodyguard, but inquisitive visitors are affording his lady disciples much practice in scouting. No doubt they will keep a sharp look-out for the corner's officer.

Yesterday morning Pigott's interrupted picnic and his sensational flight back to the "Abode" were the only subjects of conversation in Spaxton.

To a *Mirror* representative one of the "Messiah's" young lady followers said, "How can people be so wicked as to disturb our master, whose only thought is for the happiness of all?"

Pigott was yesterday suffering from indigestion, and his disciples are anxiously asking how it is their "messiah's" leader is not superior to earthly sufferings.

Further particulars about the inner workings of the Abode have leaked out. It appears that when disciples are admitted, they are initiated into all the mysteries of the doctrine and its accompanying ceremonies, and are then called upon to swear, under fear of most awe-inspiring pains and penalties, never to divulge to the outside world any of the esoteric affairs.

So closely are the secrets kept that mothers are ignorant of the doings of their daughters, and the firmest friendships avail nothing if one is a member and the other is not.

"FLIP YOUR WINGS."

Curious Accompaniment to a Salvation Army Hymn.

The enthusiasm of six thousand Salvationists reached its highest point at the Strand afternoon meeting yesterday when the General reviewed the work of the foreign missions.

After the General sat down, Ensign Gilliam, a cowboy, sang a salvation song, and a Pisano from South America gave an address, interpreted by the leader of the movement in the Argentine.

Two women officers, in native costumes, from Japan followed, and Commissioner Kilbey, from South Africa, gave a descriptive account of the power of the Salvation Army from the Zambesi to the Cape.

A typical Salvation Army hymn came next. The chorus ran: "I want to hear the flapping of the angels' wings." Before the band struck up the tune the people were reminded to "flip your wings out," and the vast assemblage raised their arms and beat time to the music.

Six boys and girls saved by the Salvation Army during the Indian famine sang native songs, and then a voluble Hindu told an unfinished story of his fourteen years' work, for the General took him in his arms and lifted him off the rostrum.

FELL DOWN A CREVASSE.

London Solicitor's Appalling Death in the Alps.

ZERMATT, Thursday.

Further details of the fatal accident to Mr. Arthur Rooke on the Z'huah Alp show that, after leaving the summit on the return journey to the Findelen Hotel, he missed his way, and scarcely ten minutes after a snow bridge which spanned a very deep crevasse crumbled away under his feet and he disappeared in the abyss.

The gaping crevasse was soon discovered by the rescue party, and a guide was let down by a rope. The body of the victim was found wedged between the two ice walls. The skull was fractured and there was a wound in the neck, caused by Mr. Rooke's pick-axe, which was still in his hand. Death must have been instantaneous.

Yesterday evening the body was brought to Zermatt, whence it will be sent to London. Mr. Rooke was fifty-two years of age, and a solicitor, practising in Lincoln's Inn Fields.—Reuter.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN TO ADDRESS 12,000.

Immense preparations are being made at Welbeck for the reopening of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's fiscal campaign on August 1.

The Duke of Portland has lent the famous riding school, and seats are being erected to accommodate between 11,000 and 12,000 persons.

Haggerty, the "Weekly Dispatch" Channel swimmer, will meet Jim Mellor, the well-known wrestler, in a private encounter at Blackpool tomorrow.

CAKE-WALKING ELEPHANT

Breaks Through the Stage and Creates a Scene.

Owing to a mishap on the stage, the unique performances of an eleven-year-old elephant which indulged in all the mazy intricacies of "the cake-walk" have been brought to a sudden termination.

The animal weighs about three tons, and the other night, as she walked on to the stage at the Leeds Empire, the much-tried boards gave way beneath her ponderous weight, and the elephant's legs slipped through. Fortunately she stopped there, ridiculously suspended, with her legs dangling over the heads of a troupe of performing dogs which were below.

Since this mishap she has resolutely refused to go on to the stage again. She has been coaxed to "the wings," and tempted in a variety of ways to go through her imitable steps as a "cake-walker," but she on one occasion shambled to a corner, and then bounded over a number of chairs, so determined was she not to again incur the risk of unwilling suspension.

Owing to this, her engagements at Leeds and other provincial towns have been cancelled, much to the regret of her keeper, who is much attached to the animal, despite her only failing, which is that of picking his pockets.

246 MILES WITHOUT STOPPING.

New Record in the Railway Race to the West.

The Great Western Railway yesterday successfully inaugurated its new non-stop service of trains from London to Plymouth, a distance of 246 miles.

The pioneer train of the new service left Paddington on its trial trip at 10.10 a.m. When Bath was reached a record had been established, the train passing through the station at 11.52 a.m., or 102 minutes after leaving Paddington. Plymouth was reached up to time, at 2.35 p.m. This is the longest non-stop run of any railway in the kingdom, no other company doing 246 miles without a stop.

Yesterday's performance was not the first time that the journey to Plymouth has been done without a break, the royal train with the Prince and Princess of Wales, has already accomplished the feat once.

HAPPY MISS CORELLI.

She Receives an Average of 52 Proposals Every Year.

Miss Marie Corelli is an enthusiast for her craft and her life.

In the "Strand Magazine" for July she defines the happiest life as the "Life Literary," which means "we can always choose our own company."

The author "who can hold and maintain all the real privileges and rights of authorship is a ruler of millions and under subjection of none."

The rewards of the literary life are set forth in detail. They include: Endless requests for autographs; innumerable begging letters; imperative, sometimes threatening, demands for interviews; hundreds of love letters; at least one offer of marriage a week; free circulation of lies and slanders concerning one's self; bitter animosity of rival contemporaries; and persistent misrepresentations of character, aims, and intentions.

Turning from these characteristically satirical enumerations of rewards, Miss Corelli turns to the reverse of the medal. She waxes enthusiastic over a cheerful and contented spirit and the tranquillity of mind born of a firm faith in noble ideals. It is a touching picture the cheerful and contented spirit of Miss Corelli which leads her to avow that "from the estate of queen to that of commoner" she would choose the "Life Literary" in preference to any other.

"AT HOME" ON THE BUZZARD.

To-morrow will be a gala day on board the Buzzard, the training ship of the London division of the Naval Volunteers, lying off the Embankment.

During the afternoon the Lord Mayor, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Curzon, Lord Charles Beresford, and other distinguished visitors will be entertained at an "At Home" on board, while the citizen sailors go through various drills and exercises.

At two o'clock there will be a general muster without arms of the six companies in St. James's Park.

They will march to the Embankment and halt by the Temple steps, where a guard of honour, 100 strong, will take up its position. Boats' crews and men told off for special duty will then go aboard the Buzzard, while the other men remain on the Embankment till the Lord Mayor leaves the ship. The visitors will witness gun drill, rifle exercise, signalling, and boat drill.

STEEPLEJACK DE WET

Outwits the Police by a Cunning Ruse.

AGAIN IN HIS FORT.

James Gill, the Newry steeplejack, has again outwitted the police, and is back on his lofty stronghold—the chimney-stack on which he has so long set the guardians of the peace at defiance. Hundreds of people visited him yesterday to congratulate him on his latest feat.

For the last few days "Jimmy" has been in bed as the result of the accident which led to his evacuating the fort last week. To his particular friends he appeared pretty cheerful, and did not complain much, but the sight of policemen in his little hovel seemed to aggravate his pains, and he writhed and groaned horribly when in their presence.

Policemen Pitted Him.

Even a policeman, as Mr. Gilbert has shown us in his deathless rhymes, has his feelings like other men. He is open to the sacred touch of pity, and is compassionate to misfortune. So the men in blue had not the brutality to arrest "Jimmy" while his sufferings were so great.

At last, tired of keeping watch on the hovel, two policemen were detailed off on Wednesday night to remove "Jimmy" to the hospital, where he would be more under their control.

The resourceful steeplejack, however, had a relapse, and doubled up with pain at the mere mention of being removed, so the good-natured policemen would not touch him.

But to their great astonishment, when they called at the hovel yesterday morning "Jimmy" had gone.

He was soon discovered. Waving his handkerchief triumphantly, he was found perched at the top of the chimney stack and far out of reach.

Resourceful "Jimmy."

"Jimmy," it appears, stole out of his hovel at daybreak and with his son as a scout made his way by a circuitous and an unfrequented road to his fortress.

It was a risky proceeding, and at the signal from his son he had frequently to dodge behind a wall or into a doorway.

The police are much chagrined at being so easily outwitted, and it is understood a determined attempt will be made to-day to capture him.

To a *Mirror* representative "Jimmy" said he was still in pain, but he was determined to finish his contract.

A petition has been sent to the Lord-Lieutenant asking that the imprisonment promised for James Gill may be remitted to a fine.

Among the postcards Jimmy has received are three from Hamburg with German "felicitations."

DANCING WITH DUCHESSSES.

Great Possibilities at the Stafford House Charity Fete.

Stafford House was being prepared for this evening's gorgeous fete when a *Mirror* representative called there yesterday.

Over a thousand guests, including the Duchess of Coburg, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Henry of Battenberg will be present.

At the promenade concert, which commences at 10.30, Fraulein Kurz and Signor Dani will sing; Madam Réjane, with Mr. Lewis Waller, will act for the first time a short piece, "La femme qui s'ennuie," and many other artistes will give their services. The music will include Herr Gottlieb's orchestra, and the 14th Hussars' band, and dancing is to begin at 11 p.m.

To all of these allurements, also including supper, the tickets, at 42s. 3s. ladies and 42s. 3s. for gentlemen, admit their fortunate possessors; and since, incidentally, they may give one a Duchess or an Earl for partner in a waltz, they ought all to be sold.

DANGERS OF THE KISS.

The Rev. F. R. Meyer is not alone in his opinion that kissing games, and similar frivolity, should not be permitted at Sunday school entertainments.

A *Mirror* representative could not, yesterday, find a minister of any denomination who takes the opposite view. Representatives of the Anglican Church, the Congregationalists, the Presbyterians, and the Wesleyans said, in effect: "That sort of thing is not often to be met with. We do not countenance it."

A United States Salvationist expressed horror at the idea. He said: "In the States it's quite true the churches and chapels are many of them given right over to vanity, and resort to devices of the devil to do God's work with. I did not know before it was common in England!"

WHY WAS IT TAKEN AWAY?

Curious Discovery of a Parish Register in an Auction Room.

A parish register in an auction room. The statement will come as a shock to the public who look—and rightly—on the record of births, deaths, and marriages as the most sacred of the many things entrusted to the care of a beneficed clergyman.

The *Mirror* has discovered in a certain auction room in London the parchment register of Stoke Damerel, Devon. How it left the hands of church authorities is a mystery. Some time ago it was sent to the auction room to be sold for the benefit of the individual who imagines it is his property, and the auctioneers rightly refused to put it up for sale.

The names of the clergymen who signed the register are W. J. St. Aubyn and Alex H. Small. The leaves are of parchment, and the binding of the covers is of brown leather.

What a Lawyer Says.

A lawyer acquainted with many family romances was seen by a representative yesterday, and discussed the motive of the person who, in the early part of last century, took the document out of the custody of its rightful guardian.

"The most charitable view to take of the case," said he, with a mocking smile, "is that it got mixed up with other documents on the shelves of a former vicar, or maybe the curate took it home to make entries, and a new volume was begun and the old one forgotten."

"On the other hand, the romance of a country family and the depressing of the night, he might be unfolded if its pages were carefully examined."

"Secret marriages!" exclaimed the lawyer, in response to a question the *Mirror* representative put to him. "Let me outline a case—one that suggests the plot of a novel maybe, but human nature sometimes runs riot, and many a time has a foolhardy view of the hall gone through the marriage ceremony with a village maid."

Secrets of Great Families.

"The secret is well kept. His visits to the cottage home of his legitimate wife disturb the peace of mind of the squire, and to prevent a mesalliance when it is the case of a youthful heir is packed off, joins a marching regiment, and goes abroad."

"Take it, misadventure follows, and the heir is killed. Now comes the motive. 'Is this child born in a cottage to succeed to the family estates?' The girl-mother dies of grief, and the child grows up under the care of the village parson."

"The easiest way to dispose of any proof of such a marriage some years ago was in the destruction of the parish register. This, however, has not been done in this case. The register was simply taken away, and its excellent state of preservation shows it has been well cared for during the last seventy years."

"No doubt the person who took it away from the church had a motive in doing so, but what that motive was must ever remain a secret unless infinite labour is spent in examining each entry and investigation be made into the family history of some of the county families during 1820-31."

LOST WHILE HOUSE-HUNTING.

Two strange cases of the disappearance of husbands were reported at Marylebone and Lambeth Police Courts yesterday.

At the former court Mr. Margaret White stated that last Monday she and her husband came from Dover to London with the intention of starting in business. Her husband went off the same day to look for a house at Hampstead, taking with him £50 in bank notes and a receipt for £3,700, but since then she had not seen or heard of him.

Mrs. Thorogood, of Loughborough Junction, told the Lambeth magistrate that her husband, who had been suffering from ill-health, went to bed directly he reached home from work on Monday evening, but when she woke up at half-past three the next morning he had disappeared. All attempts to trace his whereabouts have been unsuccessful.

FIRE THREATENS A SETTLEMENT.

A draper's shop in the occupation of Mr. F. Snyder, immediately adjoining the Browning Settlement in the Walworth-road, was the scene of a fierce little fire yesterday afternoon which placed the Browning Settlement in considerable jeopardy for some time.

Mrs. Snyder, with two or three young women, was in the back part of the premises, a young woman was on the first floor, and a man was asleep in one of the upper rooms. Mrs. Snyder and the young women downstairs fled, calling out that there was someone upstairs, and they were rescued by a foreman painter, H. W. Jones, who was at work close by. The fire brigade arrived with promptitude and prevented the fire doing much damage to the Browning Settlement.

Sixty pounds had been paid by a Paris collector for the key said to have belonged to the door of the room where Napoleon I. was born at Ajaccio.

The auctioneer's assistants who are taking an inventory of Beaumont, the Marquis of Anglesey's Staffordshire seat, have found a fine collection of old china.

ECENTRIC OLD LADY'S ZOO.

Modern Mother Hubbard's Story of Her Late Mistress's Idiosyncracies.

Animal probate cases are becoming quite the fashion in the Law Courts.

Yesterday, while the adventures of a "griffin" were puzzling Probate Court No. 1, seventeen cats, twenty-six canaries, etc., a paroquet, and a cockatoo were engrossing the attention of Probate Court No. 11.

The manner in which cats, canaries, paroquet and cockatoo entered into the will suit being tried—it must not be hastily surmised that they were claimants to be residuary legatees or anything of that sort—was as follows:—

An elderly lady—just as the pursued of the "griffin" was an elderly lady—named Miss Laura Wolley, died recently at the age of eighty-seven years.

She had made several wills, in the first of which she devised the bulk of her property to her half-sister, a Mrs. Hope. But, being of Low Church principles, and finding that Mr. Hope was an adherent of the High Church, she altered her mind, and left her money in a second will to Dr. Barnado's Homes.

Then for the third time her opinion about who should be her legatee changed. She decided to make her heir a solicitor named Wolley—a name similar to her own but spelt differently.

Miss Wolley ended her long life in a peculiar and unhappy manner. She left the gas turned on in her room after putting the light out, and was suffocated.

She was in order to show that Miss Wolley was a lady likely to be unduly influenced that Mr. Rufus Isaacs, counsel for Mr. Wolley, introduced the cats and birds. He took the opportunity to do so when he cross-examined Miss Sarah Saunders, who was formerly in Miss Wolley's employment.

PICTURESQUE WITNESS.

Miss Saunders is an old lady, who looks as if she had stepped out of a book of fairy tales. She possesses a quaint little figure, dressed in a fashion of long ago, and gave her evidence in the same manner as Old Mother Hubbard would give evidence if called upon to go into a witness-box.

"Did not Miss Wolley give bird parties?" asked Mr. Isaacs, "and were not stands made for the birds to receive their guests?"

It was just such a question as one would expect counsel to ask of a Mother Hubbard.

"Oh, no," replied Mother Hubbard up-to-date. She added that one of the canaries was named

"Chaffy," the cockatoo "Lovie," and the paroquet "Jokey."

Mr. Isaacs: Did not the house present a dirty appearance from the outside?

Mother Hubbard: Miss Wolley would not allow me to clean the windows.

Mr. Isaacs: Did not the neighbours object to the noise of the birds?

Mother Hubbard: Well, it isn't quiet at the Zoo. (Loud laughter.)

HAPPY, NOISY PETS.

Mr. Isaacs: In fact, the birds were very happy in the house, and the more happy they were the more noise they made, and the neighbours made a little noise about it, too.

After this little zoological dialogue Mr. Isaacs produced a diary, which he said contained entries in Miss Wolley's handwriting about her diet.

"Is it right she had mixed-up nothing but bread and tinned milk?" he asked.

Mother Hubbard: Either Nestlé's milk and toast, biscuits, toast, and butter, cake, buns, and all that sort of thing—but not much vegetable food, because it did not suit her.

Mr. Isaacs (reading from the diary): Sarah complains of riddiness from eating tinned milk, and says she will have no more until the next time. (Great laughter.)

Mother Hubbard: That is quite true. I remember telling her so.

PICKLED ONIONS FOR COUGHS.

Mr. Isaacs: Did you ever think that pickled onions were good for colds and coughs?

Mother Hubbard: I have heard it is good for a cough.

Then Mother Hubbard, after much hesitation, was induced to admit that she had cried because she did not have meat to eat—that the cupboard was bare of this article of diet in fact. But she was quite sure that her mistress's mind was quite clear in spite of the cats, birds, and idiosyncratic diet.

On this emphatic answer being given the case was adjourned.

In the next court the "griffin" suit did not make much progress. It was stated that the "griffin" used to clean her own house and trap, showing that some horses have stronger nerves than are generally accredited to their species, but beyond that nothing very elucidating was said with regard to her habits. The Court is still eager to see the "griffin" herself in the witness-box, and hopes to do so to-day.

WASTED ELOQUENCE.

Mrs. Watson Found Guilty at Her Second Trial.

At her second trial at the Old Bailey, yesterday, Mrs. Sophia Annie Watson, the ex-convict, was found guilty of committing perjury in the unsuccessful breach of promise action which she brought against Major-General FitzHugh, a visiting justice at Lewes Prison.

When the jury disagreed on Tuesday, the Recorder, who summed up twice, and strongly urged the jury to convict the prisoner, said that their finding imputed perjury to the major-general, and also Colonel Isaacson, the governor of the gaol.

Yesterday the case came before the Common Serjeant, and Mr. Matthews again outlined the evidence for the prosecution. He ridiculed the idea that the general had ever proposed marriage, or that the governor of the gaol had ever conveyed such a message to prisoner.

Mrs. Watson, who has so vigorously defended herself, again gave evidence on her own behalf, and was severely cross-examined.

She subsequently called a number of witnesses—cabinets, servants, and others.

The Common Serjeant, however, said she was trifling with the Court, and she proceeded to address the jury.

Upon the jury returning their verdict of Guilty the prisoner burst into tears, exclaiming, "I'll end my life before I'll do it. It's a cruel, wicked thing!"

The Common Serjeant sentenced her to four years' penal servitude.

£3,000 FOR SLANDER.

Damages amounting to £3,000 were awarded at Exeter Assizes yesterday against Ernest Gidley, a carpenter, for slandering the rector of Halloworthy, the Rev. G. Kendall, and the latter's niece, Miss Frances Andrews. Gidley stated that he had witnessed immorality between Mr. Kendall and Miss Andrews.

Among the witnesses called for the defence were Mr. Batten, J.P., chairman of the parish council and superintendent of a Nonconformist Bible-class, who alleged Mr. Kendall's moral reputation was bad.

The jury directed that £2,000 of the damages should go to Miss Andrews, and £1,000 to Mr. Kendall.

ARSENIC MYSTERY.

Housekeeper Found Not Guilty of Murdering Her Master.

After deliberating for two hours as to their verdict the jury at the Westmorland Assizes at Appleby yesterday found that Elizabeth Nicholson was not guilty of the charge of poisoning her late master, James Gilpin, a retired farmer.

In his speech at the conclusion of the case for the Treasury, Mr. Shee had contended that there was adequate motive to account for Nicholson having murdered Gilpin. As for her story that her master had eaten a piece of cheese which had come into contact with arsenic procured to poison rats, counsel argued that the evidence had shown there could not have been sufficient poison to cause death. A piece of cheese, he said, could not, in falling, have picked up more than one tenth of a grain of dry arsenic, and the alleged circumstances failed in every way to explain the fact that two or three grains had been absorbed in Gilpin's body.

Moreover, he added, arsenic was covered with a pigment, and was so blue that it could not fail to attract notice if it was adhering to cheese.

For the defence Mr. Little submitted that even skilled witnesses like Sir Thomas Stevenson and Dr. Hellen were at variance as to presence of ultramarine in poison found in the body, and urged that there could be no motive shown for the crime beyond the fact that a hundred pounds of Gilpin's money was left for bringing up the woman's children. Even then Nicholson would not have been the sole person to benefit.

There was a touching scene when Mrs. Nicholson left the court and joined her friends after the jury had given their verdict.

ILL-APPRECIATED LOVE.

A young wife whose husband had assaulted her and told her to go away from him, though she, on her part, did not wish to, sought the North London magistrate's advice in her predicament. Mr. D'Eyncourt: You like your husband? Yes, I like him.

"Then I should stick to him, if I were you," the magistrate said. "Do you really want to punish him?" he asked.

The Applicant: Well, I want him to be taught that he must not do as he likes with me.

Mr. D'Eyncourt: You may have a summons if you think it worth while.

HOOLEY CASE PUN.

Peruvian Colonel Falls a Victim to Temptation.

During six hearings of the charges against Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley and Mr. H. J. Lawson of conspiring to defraud Mr. Alfred Paine, of the Windsor Castle Hotel, Victoria-street, counsel engaged in the proceedings at Bow-street had shown the greatest restraint in avoiding making an extremely obvious pun.

But at the seventh hearing of the case yesterday the temptation proved too great for one of the witnesses. Colonel Josiah Harris, who protested against being subpoenaed to give evidence against Hooley, was, in the course of his examination, shown a card on which Mr. Paine's name appeared.

"I know nothing about Mr. Paine," he exclaimed. "It would give me a pain if I did."

To relieve its feelings the Court laughed.

The Colonel last saw Hooley six years ago, and then only for a few minutes. He had known Lawson for five years, and had been induced by him to become a director of the British Motor Company and the Construction Company. Colonel Harris denied that Mr. Lawson was manager of the latter.

Mr. Hooley Excited.

Mr. Muir: But he sent circulars on to Hooley for wide distribution?

Mr. Hooley leapt to his feet in a moment and exclaimed: "I did not have one of them."

The Magistrate: You must sit down, sir.

Colonel Harris, in cross-examination by Mr. Anson, said he still had great faith in the Construction Company, which, if properly managed, would have been a great success.

The Colonel protested again that he never had any business dealings with Hooley. "In fact, I hardly knew him in the dock, he has altered so," he said.

Among Mr. Lawson's companies was included the Moore and Burgess Minetrals, which was stated to have been in a flourishing position a few years ago. The Great Horseless Carriage Company, however, was not so successful.

Colonel Harris had a personal explanation to make before leaving the witness-box. He explained that he was not a colonel in the English Army, but held a commission from the Peruvian Government. He added that he raised the first mounted corps in Devonshire forty years ago.

A subsequent witness—the last called before the adjournment of the proceedings—was Sir J. Kenneth Mackenzie, who, as the result of an interview with Lawson, became chairman of the British Electric Tramways Street Company, but resigned in March, 1901, to become chairman of the Construction Company. At a dinner given by the latter company to the engineers, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie made a speech, the whole of the material for which was supplied to him by Lawson.

In this speech he announced that a dividend of 12 per cent. would be paid on the ordinary shares; but he never received his own dividend, and as far as he knew it had not been distributed to any of the other shareholders.

The case will be before the Bow-street magistrate again next Thursday.

WIDER USE OF THE "CAT" WANTED.

Upon the deputy-keeper of a common lodging-house in Tooley-street, Southwark, announcing his intention of going to Portsmouth with the annual excursion of the M Division of the Metropolitan Police, one of the lodgers, a youth named Charles Robins, knocked him down and kicked him on the forehead.

The explanation given for Robins's conduct at Southwark Police-court, where he was sentenced yesterday to two months' hard labour, was that he resented any friendly feeling being shown towards the police.

Referring to the wanton brutality of the assault, the magistrate remarked that the case might induce "even those people who called themselves humanitarians" to think that the use of the "cat" ought to be extended.

KILLED WHILE STEALING.

James Caveney was discharged by his employer last Wednesday for being drunk, whereupon he went to the employer's repository in Barbican and commenced to remove some zinc.

While carrying it down a ladder from a loft he slipped and fell on his head, and died from the effect of his injuries.

Boiling Clothes

The book inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper tells how to wash without fire, with half the usual rubbing and wear and shrinking of clothes, and cleaner.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

THE CITY.

A sheep escaped from a Wigton auction mart and made its way to the roof of a neighbouring hotel.

The London and North-Western Railway Company have served out to their shunters white drill sun hats, and to their porters straw hats, for use during the warm weather.

Having been caught up an apple tree, a little boy whose head just showed over the dock was fined 2s. 6d. at Brentford yesterday. He had also been "chastised by his schoolmaster."

Mr. Wilson, senior doorkeeper at the House of Commons, last night pronounced his last "Who goes home?" He retires at the age of seventy-four, after forty years spent in the service of the House.

GAMBLER WON £2,000 A YEAR.

At the Bankruptcy Court yesterday A. F. T. Haydon, of Bickenhall-mansions, W., stated that he had made about £2,000 a year from gambling at Monte Carlo—gambling and pigeon shooting. The accounts showed liabilities £2,969, and the debtor claims to have a surplus of £4.

TRIPLITS' COMING OF AGE.

The triplet sons of Mr. Edward Buck, of Manchester, have just celebrated their coming of age. This rare event was celebrated by a large gathering, and the assembled aunts and uncles of the three young men presented each with a gold chronometer.

All three are in business with their father.

FRIENTHED TO DEATH BY BURGLARS.

Mrs. Rainford has died at her home in Duke-street, New Brighton, as the result of shock in May last, when two burglars attired as plumbers gained admittance to the house by pretending to inspect the gas arrangements.

Once inside they bound and gagged her, and ransacked the house, escaping with £3 in cash. No arrest has since been made.

NIGHTINGALE HEARD IN WANDSWORTH.

At half-past two yesterday morning, writes a correspondent, I was awakened by the notes of a nightingale pouring forth its song from a large tree at the Wandsworth-Common end of what I now regard as an appropriate name—Nightingale-lane.

Everything was perfectly peaceful, and the moon was shining brightly at the time. I think I am right in supposing that it is somewhat unusual to hear this shy and beautiful songster within four miles of Charing Cross.

DETERMINED TO DIE.

Arthur Pearson, of York, had been off work for nine months owing to illness, and had been confined in Broomfield Asylum. On Monday he was twice prevented from putting an end to his life, but, whilst arrangements were being made for his removal, he slipped out to the yard and hanged himself with a silk handkerchief.

At yesterday's inquest a verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane was returned, and the jury handed their fees to the widow.

STOLE HER OWN CHILD.

An extraordinary case of child stealing was revealed at Inverness in connection with an assault charge against a female worker.

Accused, who is the mother of the child, which is two years old, dressed herself in male attire and blackened her face. She found her child at the door of its father's cottage, and made off with it.

The father's sister followed, and there was a free fight for possession of the child. Two men separated the women.

The accused received the benefit of the First Offenders' Act.

CAME FOR A BREAKFAST.

On walking down into her kitchen yesterday morning, Mrs. Palmer, of Stratford, found a man seated there.

"What do you want?" she asked, to which he replied, "Breakfast and money." Mrs. Palmer then said, "Get out of it," but the intruder refused to obey, and consequently she gave him into custody.

David Nicholson, a Russian seaman, of no home, told the Stratford magistrate that this was true, he wanted some breakfast, and as his other answers seemed to show that he was mentally affected a remand was ordered.

FLED FROM THE WEDDING.

An elderly Belfast gentleman holiday-making in Bangor met a lady who won his heart.

He gave her an engagement ring, bought a house, and made her many valuable presents.

All was ready for the wedding when the prospective bride left to pay a farewell visit to some friends in Dublin. The bridegroom waited patiently, but in vain. His lady-love never returned.

For services rendered during the Fenian Raid of 1866 the Government of Canada has just made a grant of land to Mr. J. Mountstephen, of Colyton, Devon.

Mr. Winston Churchill, who is an honorary life member of the Cardiff Riverside Conservative Club, has been invited to resign on account of his "apparent change of politics."

James Whitehead, aged eleven years, was found dead near St. Peter's Station on the electric railway between Newcastle and Tynemouth, death having resulted from contact with a live rail.

An interesting concert will be given at the Queen's (small) Hall to-night by the pupils of Mr. and Madame Fischer Sobell. Among other items will be the first and third acts of "Faust," which will be given in concert form.

There have been four drowning fatalities at Leigh, Lancashire, within the last twelve days. The latest victim is Edward Shovelton, aged nine, who tumbled into the river while playing.

TRAGEDY OR NOAX?

"I'm tired of life, so have cut my throat and thrown myself into the river—J. M."

Such was the message written on a scrap of paper placed in a bottle which was found floating in the Thames near London Bridge yesterday morning.

BAD TRADE CAUSES SUICIDE.

Mr. William King, a well-known Ramsgate resident, formerly a fishmonger and snookmaker in an extensive way of business, committed suicide at his house yesterday by shooting himself with a revolver.

He had lately been in reduced circumstances, and suffered from depression.

IRISH "BULLS" IN LONDON.

English journalists, says the "Irish Times," are most unjustly trenching on our monopoly of "bulls." Irish journalists had better look to their laurels.

This, sprung on us by the "Morning Post," will take some beating: "The statements made by Bismarck were inaccurate, and the White-books presented to the Reichstag contained remarkable omissions."

BOOKS TURNED HIS BRAIN.

Thomas Bates threw himself under a train at Farringdon-street Station, and was killed.

His father, at the inquest yesterday, said his son was a great reader of Carlyle, and also of religious books, and had developed melancholia. He was also depressed by his failure to get on, and in a letter which he left said he had "failed to understand the mysteries of this world."

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide whilst of unsound mind.

LOOKED LIKE SWEARING.

"He spoke in a foreign tongue, but I knew he was swearing at me by the way he looked at me. Besides, I don't think he's a Christian or he would not have brought me here."

This was the explanation of a debtor at the Southwark County Court yesterday, who had puzzled the Judge by saying that, though he could not understand his language, he knew the plaintiff swore when he called for the debt.

GALLANT CAPTAIN REWARDED.

During a heavy sea, and under great difficulties, the steamship Ashanti went to the rescue of a water-logged American schooner which was in dire peril.

This conspicuous gallantry was recognised at Bristol, where, on behalf of the United States Government, the Lord Mayor handed Captain J. V. Foster a gold watch and chain.

At the Paddington Town Hall yesterday summonses were heard against Dr. Clifford and others for the non-payment of the education rate.

Earl Russell appeared in person to conduct the case of Russell v. Mackenzie in the Westminster County Court yesterday, but the case was settled out of court.

Wilful Murder was the verdict at the City coroner's court in the case of a newly-born male child found with a piece of tape tied tightly round its neck in Aldersgate-street.

Convicted at Birmingham of "receiving" stolen silver, a metal worker named Thomas Duern was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. The two porters whom he had egged on to commit the thefts were only bound over.

CITY GROUND FETCHES £70 A FOOT.

For the site of an Indemnity House, Old Broad-street, within a few yards of the Bank, £70 a square foot has been paid.

Officers for three insurance companies will be built on this expensive site.

FINED WHILE HAYMAKING.

William Smith, a carman, who was summoned at West Ham for leaving his horse, wrote a letter to the Court, in which he said:—

"I am sorry to say I cannot attend, but the fine put on me I will send by return of post if you will let me know what it is, as I am busy haymaking."

He was fined 20s. and 8s. 6d. costs.

PREMIER NOT RECOGNISED BY LAW.

In reply to a question the Premier said yesterday that the list of birthday honours was headed in one newspaper as "the Prime Minister's list," but it was without his authority.

Whereupon Mr. Bowles tumbled much laughter by asking: Is the right honourable gentleman aware that there is no such official recognised by law as the Prime Minister?

BANK MANAGER FOUND DEAD.

With his head resting on his office desk, Henry Burdett, manager of the London Joint Stock Bank, Wood-street, City, was found dead by a bank messenger.

Death had resulted from suffocation, caused by a spasm set up by the pressure of food in the larynx. He had partaken of a very heavy meal.

Yesterday's verdict was Death from misadventure.

BOGUS DETECTIVE DETECTED.

William Andrews, pretending to be a detective, went up to a bookmaker named Cope in Hatton-street, City, as the latter was returning from paying his eleventh fine of £5 for betting. Cope said to him "hard lines," and invited the "tec" to have a drink.

When in the bar Andrews suggested that the case could be settled for "half a bar" (10s.), but Cope, knowing the integrity of the City police, grew suspicious and asked for the warrant.

Andrews attempted to bolt, but was caught, and yesterday he was sent to prison for a month.

PHOTOGRAPHING A RECORD-BREAKER.

The Talbot 20-h.p. motor-car, which successfully accomplished the 2,000 miles non-stop *Mirror* run, was taken out of the garage yesterday afternoon by Mr. Weigel, and driven to Woburn-square, when photographs were taken for the illustrated papers.

The car was in the same state in which it arrived on Monday evening, and attracted a good deal of attention. It will be on exhibition at Earl's Court during the coming week.

Mr. Weigel, who drove the car throughout the run, and his companions during the journey will visit the Alhambra this evening to see their exploits reproduced on the bioscope.

Prices Higher All Round—Kaffirs Again Cheerful—Rails Improve.

A good many members seemed to find attractions at Lord's yesterday, and Stock Exchange business suffered accordingly. But the tone of the markets was really very good, for there was nothing of an adverse nature to cause pessimism, and the money squeeze in Lombard-street was no more. The result was a recovery in the tone of the half-year. Consequently Consols improved, and took the gilt-edged market up with them. The Bank Return showed a natural decrease of £400,000 in the Reserve, and the Bank rate was unaltered. The new Cape prospectus is out.

A good Home Railways market was seen, with prices higher all round and talk of the favourable results of the coal contracts for the companies. The raising of some Southern companies' rates is regarded as a mere matter of adjustment not likely to affect the companies' revenues or the consumers. It is idle to particularise when everything is better.

American Rails had not much to encourage them, as English buyers are very shy. The market was sticky and featureless. But Canadian Rails continue to improve on crop prospects, and Grand Trunk on buying back by recent speculators for the fall. Argentine Rails were perhaps rather dull. Here there was the new B.A. Pacific issue out, and it was called a premium. Ordinary shareholders have the right of applying for six £100 shares for every £100 stock. Second preference, five for every £100. Mexican Rails responded to the rise in silver. Cuban Rails were notably better as a result of the traffic of the Foreign Rails.

In the Foreign market Japanese were practically unaffected by the knowledge that the new loan is near. There was talk of Argentine conversion, said to emanate from the best quality of the railway in Lower Peru. Foreigners bought Colombians also on conversion project, and there is still talk of the coming Morocco loan in Paris and Venezuelan debt settlement. Peru seemed too much occupied with its settlement to give much attention to its various securities, but Russians were notably firm, and Argentines, Brazilians, and Peruvians good.

In the Miscellaneous section Nelsons were better on talk of more satisfactory prices for the new loan. Perhaps a result of the publication of the River Plate Fresh Meat report. The market seems to be expecting a poor dividend on Gordon & Co.

Kaffirs were quite cheerful, "bears" buying back almost all round. The market closed below the best. Much the same also applied to the City and the African sections; but in the former we must expect Associated and Boulder Deeps, which showed some real weakness. One failure was announced, that of the that of a small broker. It was of no consequence, and was expected.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the latest quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:	
Consols 2½ per cent. 90½	Pacific 114½
Do Account 90½	Western 123½
India 90½	Mexican First 83½
London C.C. 90½	Do Ord. 19 10½
Nat. War Loan 97½	Rosario Consols 91½
Treasury Loan 98½	Do Ord. 19 10½
Argentine 1886 103½	Canadian Pacific 128½
Do Funding 103½	Gt. Ind. Ord. 14½
Brazilian 4 per cent. 77½	Do 2nd " 87½
Do W. of Minas 89½	Do 3rd " 87½
Chili 1886 96½	Nitrato Ord. 40½
Chinese 5 per cent. 100½	Algerian Blend 87½
Egyptian Unified 104½	Aeroport Ord. 204
Japan 5 per cent. 87½	Coats 97½
Do 4 per cent. 75½	Do 2nd " 98½
Per. Deb. 92½	Hudson Bay 40½
Do Pref. 92½	Lat. Gen. Ord. 117 120
Portuguese 62½	L.S.D. D.L. Ord. 75 75
Russian 4 per cent. 92½	Nelson's 22½
Spanish 4 per cent. 87½	Sweetman Auto. 116½
Turkish 4 per cent. 84½	Weybush, Maxim. 12
Uruguay 24 per cent. 57½	Weibach Ord. 9

Brighton Def. 123½	Anglo-French 3½
Calcutta Def. 123½	Ashanti G. F. 28½
Canadian Ord. 91½	Assam R. M. 28½
Chadian Ord. 16½	Barnato Cons. 28½
Do Pref. 100 102	Champ. Reef 114½
Do 2nd Pref. 64	Crown Def. 83½
Great Eastern 92½	City & Sub. 68½
Gt. Northern Def. 41 41½	Cons. Gold S.A. 65½
Great Central A. 142	Crown Def. 83½
Great Western 144	De Beers Def. 19½
Metropolitan 97½	East Rand 77½
District 38½	F. Rand. M. 44½
Midland Pref. 90 90½	Geduld 68½
Do Def. 68½	Goldfields 68½
North British Def. 44½	Goldfields 68½
North Eastern 142½	Goldfields 68½
North Western 142½	Goldfields 68½
South Eastern Def. 62½	Goldfields 68½
South West. Def. 62½	Goldfields 68½
Do Ord. 102 104	Goldfields 68½

Atchison 74½	74½
Baltimore 81½	81½
Chesapeake 31½	31½
Chi. M. & S. P. 140½	140½
Denver 214½	214½
Do Shares 24 24½	24 24½
Do Pref. 60 60½	60 60½
Illinois Cent. 134½	134½
L. & N. V. 119½	119½
Missouri 17 17½	17 17½
Ontario 17 17½	17 17½
Norfolk Com. 21 21½	21 21½
Pennsylvania 60 60½	60 60½
Reading 234½	234½
Southern Ord. 21 21½	21 21½
Southern Pacific 474½	474½
Union Pacific 906 906½	906 906½
U.S. Steel Ord. 98 98½	98 98½
Do Pref. 564 564½	564 564½
Wabash Pref. 351 351½	351 351½
B.A. Gt. South 119½	119½

* Ex div.

NO ROOM FOR NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

In submitting their forty-seventh annual report, the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery state that the time is at hand when the question of extending the Gallery must be seriously considered.

Extension can only be obtained in the direction of St. George's Barracks, and in view of certain alterations and demolitions there, the Trustees are communicating with the military authorities on the subject.

Your Time Is Right Now.

DAILY MIRROR

Don't delay in the selection of a Fountain Pen.
Cut out the Coupon on Page 2 and secure for
2/6 a Pen Sold to Advertise the "Daily Mirror."

NOTICES TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1904.

BETTING AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

From time to time scandals and rumours of scandal have crept into publicity concerning the prevalence of the vice of betting in our public schools. Now we have the disgraceful adventure of the Eton boys at Sandown races to add to the list.

Dr. Warre, the Headmaster, will doubtless deal heavily with the culprits in a manner best suited to their case, but his greater trouble will come when he turns, as he must, to grappling with the social problem before him.

He has hundreds of boys under him during the impressionable period of their existence when their minds and manners are malleable and in the mould for their making as men.

School influence and training has the greater effect on a boy, but his home and holiday life is the groundwork of his character and tastes. Eton boys are drawn for the most part from the ranks of society. They are familiar with the fashionable life their fathers, mothers, and sisters lead. Bridge and betting are household words at home; at school they are no differently regarded, save perhaps that with the new brand of "wrong" upon them they become more attractive.

Some parents sprung suddenly to riches or struggling on the fringe of society, go so far as to allow their boys pocket money for betting purposes. They are anxious that their sons should live the full life of the children of the chosen; they know horse racing is fashionable, they therefore regard it as part of the curriculum for a boy with social ambitions.

Dr. Warre is faced by the truth that while society leads such a pitifully hollow life, sacrificing all to pleasure and frivolity, while fashionable mothers are such miserable models for the children they leave to their nurses to rear, the young sons of society cannot be other than what they are.

"The pater and mater bet," says the Eton boy, "and so do all our set, what's wrong with it?"

Dr. Warre is to be commiserated on the task he has in hand. Can a man by whipping turn a donkey into a horse?

The Clapton "Messiah."

The "Rev." Mr. Pigott's claims to divinity are to be shocked by a summons to attend a coroner's jury.

He is in a dilemma. As a mock "Messiah" he claims seclusion and worship; as a citizen he is called upon to do his municipal duty. He is "up against" plain facts, and he may be expected to break upon them.

It is a pity that men of the Pigott and Dowie type, clearly suffering from religious mania and not in a condition to conduct themselves as sane citizens, should be allowed to parade in public and preach and propagate their madness.

Thousands of their type are kept safely in public and private asylums throughout the country. The form of mania is no new thing. The merest tyro in medicine could certify to it. Why is it not made possible under the law to effect their arrest and keep them in custody?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If thou wouldst be wise, observe these six things I command you: Before speaking think *what* you say and *when* you say it, and *to whom* you say it.

GOOD-BYE FOR THE HOLIDAYS!



JOHN BULL (to the departing holiday-makers): Why not stop in your own country, and see something of its beauties? [The annual rush to the Continent has begun, and holiday-makers are off sight-seeing to every corner of Europe, quite oblivious of the many beauties of the British Isles.]

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

It is an odd coincidence that both Mrs. Campbell's and Mr. Lewis Waller's performances in French plays should fall on the same day. How many of those who see "Pelleas and Melisande" in the afternoon at the Vaudeville, with Madame Bernhardt in the part usually played by Mr. Martin Harvey, will go this evening to the Stafford House fête to compare Mr. Waller's pronunciation with Mrs. Campbell's? He ought to be able to speak French, for his father spoke it as well as he did English through spending much of his early life in France.

Anyhow, Madame Réjane has been coaching him during the rehearsals of his little play, and professes herself quite satisfied with the result of her efforts. She also declares that Mr. Waller is one of the most sympathetic actors she has ever played with. He has certainly quite got over that stony manner, that ice-cold aspect which prevented him for so long from being a convincing stage-lover. Indeed, he has now for years past been the idol of the matinee girl.

It is true that there was a great "squash" as people came away from Lady Lansdowne's reception last week, but it was not so bad as "Belle" in the "World" makes out. "Belle" probably had an account of the scene from some fussy person who got her toes trodden on. As it was pouring with rain and there were hundreds of people all wanting their conveyances at the same moment, a certain amount of pushing was unavoidable. But to talk about the disappearance of "every instinct of civility and every vestige of good manners" is all rubbish.

A complaint in "Truth" this week has a little more substance in it. A "well-known foreigner" declares that fashionable people care about nothing but getting rich. "There is no trace of intelligence in society conversation, but talk of money and in an instant every face lights up, and an eager look comes into the eyes." The author of a recent book on London was of the same mind. He declared that he saw everywhere on "smart" women's faces an expression of "hard, mercenary, devil-may-care materialism." Let us thank God that the disease of "smartness" has not yet affected all women.

Anyone who read the report of Mr. Joseph Walton's account (given in the House of Commons) of the walk he took near Oxford recently, and the difficulty he found in getting a pub-house to supply him with lunch, must have wondered why it was so constantly interrupted by "laughter." They would have understood it if they had heard it. Mr. Walton is an eminently serious person. He

speaks with the stiffness of an ancient door; sometimes he is impressive, for he generally has something sensible to say; but he never has any idea of being funny. That was why everybody laughed so much.

Mr. F. G. Ahalo, who is to propose a tax on cats to-day at the meeting of the C.S.P.K.A. (solution in our next issue), is not a cat-hater by any means. Indeed, he believes a tax would do pussies much good. And his opinion is worth a good deal. He is one of those practical naturalists who can do things as well as write about them. He knows all there is to know about most kinds of animals, and sometimes, when she is naughty, says that his small daughter is the most troublesome little animal he ever met.

Most of us recollect Sunday schools are rather solemn places, where we went for reasons beyond our own control. According to the Rev. F. B. Meyer they must be very different now. He talks about "kissing games, dances, and pantomimes" being used as means to allure children into them. Where are these exciting Sunday schools to be found? Probably only in the excitable minister's imagination. However, they have given him something to protest against, and some people are never happy unless they are engaged in denunciation.

When Mr. W. S. Gilbert takes part in his own burlesque of "Hamlet" at the Garrick Theatre on the 19th it will not be by any means his "first appearance on the stage." He has acted a good few times as an amateur, and he knows the "tricks of the trade" a good deal better than most professionals by reason of his constant attendance at the rehearsals of his pieces. Never was there a more severe "producer." Once a performer tried to excuse himself at a dress rehearsal for not being word-perfect by saying, "I'll be all right on the night." "That's for the public to judge," shouted Gilbert. "I'm here to see that it's all right now."

Sometimes he tries the quietly ironical method. A certain actress had to come on in a play of his and say, "Stay! stay! let me speak," in spite of all the author's instructions. At last he lost patience. "Wrong again, Miss D.—," he said. "Try once more, please. It isn't 'Stay! stay!' but 'Stay!' One stay, not a pair of stays." If he is as hard as this upon his fellow-playwrights who are to appear in "Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern," they are in for a bad time.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Hon. Arthur Elliot.

He has had all his life the reputation of a man who might do something some day. At last he has done it. It was he who headed the revolt against Mr. Chamberlain in the Liberal Union Club. It is he who is getting up another club which is to consist of the members who will not say "Protection." He will at last, with any luck, have a party all of his own.

He tried to have one when he was a follower of Mr. Gladstone, but it did not come off. Somehow, this sad-eyed, intellectual-looking, literary younger son did not inspire much confidence in his powers as a leader of men. However, he left the Gladstonian camp when the Home Rule shibboleth was put to all the great man's followers. He could not pronounce it aright.

Strange how the habit of seceding grows upon a man. Now he has quitted the party which he joined then, and the only thing for him to do is to call together another for himself—if he can.

He is not much of a speaker. His manner is too much like that of Mr. Gerald Balfour, and suggests that he does not greatly like the world he looks out upon so critically from behind his gold-rimmed eye-glasses. He limps a little, too, as if he had grown a-weary of life.

He edits the "Edinburgh Review" in the manner of 1840, and as becomes the son of an earl. Possibly that is why nobody reads it.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Why Is the King Going to Marienbad Again This Summer?

His Majesty goes there regularly to drink the Marienbad waters and enjoy the beautiful scenery of the broad valley, which is encircled by pine-clad hills, and at an altitude of 1,912 feet.

The water from the springs is limpid, and though sharply salt, is not disagreeable.

It acts as a tonic sedative to the nervous system and reduces any superfluous flesh. It renews the King's strength after the wear and tear of the hard work that his sovereignty has entailed, and builds up his constitution for the work to come.

The "Tailor and Cutter" is delighted with a discovery it has made. Most of the members of the House of Lords are descended from tradespeople, and many of these tradespeople were tailors! Lord Ducie and Lord Essex are two instances of tailor-descended peers, while Lord Raimond's family was founded by a silk-mercer and Lord Warwick's by a wool-stapler, both occupations closely related to the tailoring trade.

THE KING, THE KAISER, AND THE PUDDLE.



A snapshot of the King and the German Emperor about to go on board the Victoria and Albert, the King's yacht, at Kiel. The Kaiser is carefully avoiding a muddy puddle, much to the amusement of the King.

THE "ABODE OF LOVE."



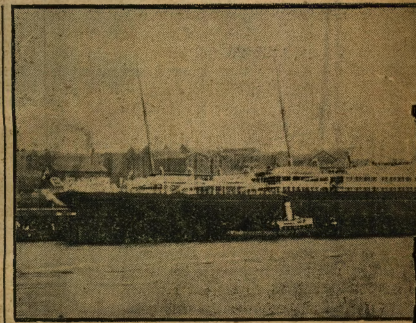
The "Abode of Love," the closely-guarded sanctuary of "Pigott, the Lamb," at Spaxton. Guarded from the interference of the general public by walls and an oath of secrecy administered to his followers, the "Clapton Messiah" spends his time in religious services and sweet converse with fair converts.



The Russian Vladivostok squadron, which has once again made a sortie from its harbor.



Baron Kodama, Chief of Staff to General Oyama, Supreme Commander of the Japanese Army.



The new White Star liner Baltic, the largest vessel on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic, carrying some idea of her enormous size can be gained from this view. She has eight decks, and, when in full service, will carry over 2,000 passengers.

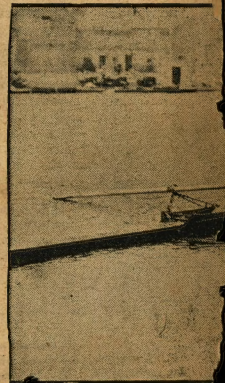
COMPETITORS WHO WILL TAKE PART IN HENLEY REGATTA NEXT WEEK.



The Canadian team of the Winnipeg Rowing Club.



Mr. Low Scholes, of the Toronto Rowing Club, Canada, who may capture the Diamond Sculls this year.





has attacked Gensan, the Japanese base on the east coast of Korea.



Yesterday was the first day of the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match at Lord's. The customary promenade of well-dressed spectators previous to the ringing of the bell for clearing the field was an unusually pretty sight in the bright sunshine.

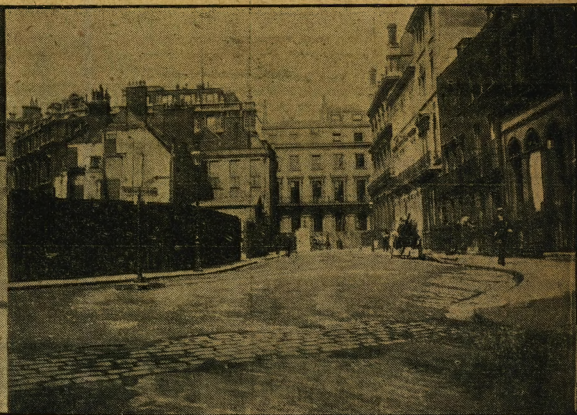
SIR BENJAMIN STONE, M.P., PHOTOGRAPHS VANISHING LONDON.



in the world. She has just started complement of 3,000 passengers. that she is 241 yards 2 feet in length, she 40,740 tons.

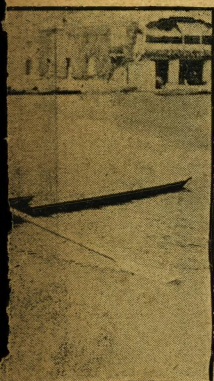


M. G. F. WATTS, R.A.
(See page 3.)



Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., president of the National Photographic Records Association, photographing in Spring-gardens, and the view he is taking. These old houses in Spring-gardens are being demolished to make the new roadway from the Mall to Charing Cross.—(Photographs by Calcott.)

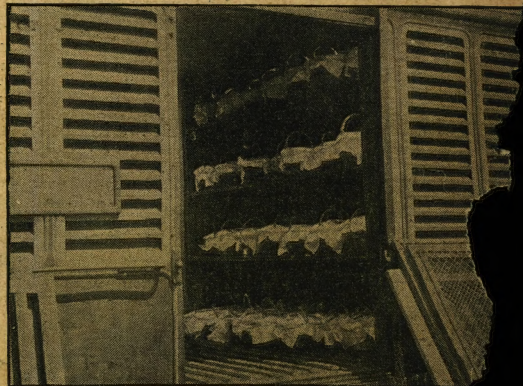
HOW STRAWBERRIES COME TO MARKET.



Diamond Sculls.



Loading a strawberry cart with baskets of fruit, ready addressed, for conveyance straight from the field to the railway.



Interior of a special strawberry train. The baskets are put in tiers on special wire shelves.—(Photographs by Molten)

A LOST CAUSE.

THE DISAPPOINTED SHORT-SKIRT BRIGADE.

Very few fashionable women have been able to withstand this summer the fascinations of the trailing muslin gown, which is so truly becoming. Some independent and strong-minded maidens still stalk about in skirts that clear the pavement, pressing into their service not only the serge and tweed fabrics that really are the only materials that bear curtailment, but grievously despoiling lovely muslins and exquisite taffetas of their rightful due—plenty of length in the skirt. The generality of women wear trailing skirts.

How Not to Do It.

Mindful, however, of the vital teaching of the hygienists, the woman of to-day does make an effort to keep her skirts from contamination with the pavement. But alas! she knows not how to do it with grace, and her lamentably inelegant methods are the amusement and sometimes the consternation of all beholders.

What is the correct way of lifting the muslin frock with its voluminous flimsy widths and its bewildering array of bounces and furbelows? It were easier to describe the wrong way, for of a truth the right one is difficult to discover.

A Variety of Methods.

One girl takes her diaphanous outer muslin skirt, unlined, of course, though backed with softest chiffon, and boldly bunches it up right in front, letting her cambric petticoat fend for itself, and if it must, just touch the pavement all the way round. There is merit in that scheme, inasmuch as it looks rather quaint and early Victorian. Another (she is illustrated on this page) lifts both her dress skirt and her petticoat up on one side with undue zeal, disclosing to view several inches of silk stocking and a dainty shoe. One meets her constantly this summer; indeed, she is remarkably prevalent.

A third raises her dress on both sides, resting her hands on her hips, the consequence of which is that the poor skirt flops hopelessly over the ground at the back; and a fourth grabs the fulness of her gown below her waist at the back, presenting a very inelegant spectacle to the multitude.

On the whole, the safest and most elegant mode of procedure is the one that takes the skirt up on the left side, drapes it carefully high upon the hips, and rests the hand there. The woman who practices this plan will achieve success if she be careful to detach her dress from her under petticoat.

THE OPEN-AIR GIRL.

COOLING UNGUENTS FOR THE COMPLEXION.

An excellent lotion, called the "Motor-car," but equally suitable for the votaries of any other open-air, scorching pastime, is made by mixing an ounce of olive oil with an ounce of glycerine. To this is added half a teaspoonful of boracic acid. The whole is shaken together and is applied freely to the skin. It is very good for burns, and can be used as a wash for the hands when they have been scorched by the sun. The same is excellent for a sun-burned nose and for cheeks that have brightened from a pretty peach to an ugly poppy-red colour.

For the open-air girl's nose there is still another lotion, which is even better than the last. It is made of olive oil and lime-water, and is to be applied to the burned nose before it has had time to blister. It will take out the soreness, and enable the girl to add a little powder to the red-dened feature, as she could not do if it were sore and swollen.

Paste for the Hands.

The girl who does not wear gloves needs a paste for her hands if they are sore and stiff and red at the joints. She wants something that will act as a blanch and a whiteness, as well as something that will take away the roughness. This paste should be of a nature to make the skin supple, and there are pastes that actually do this, and do it well.

A very famous votary of athleticism goes to bed every night with her hands spread thick with a paste of powdered oatmeal and olive oil, encased in a cloth that are three sizes too big for her. It is a good thing, but it does bleach the hands.

There is a nice glove paste made by adding a teaspoonful of olive oil to a cup of bran. To this is added half a teaspoonful of powdered soap, and enough water to make a very thick paste. This is used by those who do not want to spend a great deal of money on gloves.

There is a paste made by stirring bran into water. This is a great bleacher for the skin, and, if used sparingly, is disagreeable to handle, well repays the trouble. Do not make too much of the paste, and do not get it too moist. In the morning it will be quite dry upon the hands, while the skin underneath has absorbed all the moisture which it is

capable of taking up. It acts as a soothing agency to the skin.

The girl whose summer athletics make her hands very thin can rub them with vaseline and bran every night, after which she can slip on a very loose pair of gloves. Her hands will grow whiter and she will soon be glad that she has taken this trouble.

To the out-of-door woman, whose skin is in so neglected a condition that it has cracked and has dust settled in it, water will do very little good. The hands must be washed, literally washed, with vaseline, and the face must be washed with cold



It is by no means elegant to raise the skirts awkwardly in the manner shown above, though this is a vogue very frequently seen this season.

cream. Put it on liberally and let it remain on for five minutes; then wipe it off with a soft cloth. In ten minutes wash the face and hands well. It will be a surprise to see how much dust will come off.

NERVE-RACKED WOMEN.

WHAT THEY OUGHT TO AVOID AND TO DO.

If you are nerve weary and physically tired there are some things you must not do.

You must not sit in a close room with a number of persons all breathing the same atmosphere.

You must not eat irregularly, nor must you remain seated after eating. It is a very good thing to take a walk immediately after a meal.

Never if you are nervous lie down directly after eating. This will arrest digestion and make you irritable. If not very drowsy.

Don't, if you are nervous, attempt to sit more than an hour at a time. Even the working woman can manage to rise, move about, and, perhaps, throw open the window for a few minutes to give her case.

Nervous women who suffer from insomnia can rise and throw open the door, as well as the windows of their room. Let the air circulate through the room. Sweet sleep will be the usual result.

Don't try, if you are nervous, to do much talking. Women who talk a great deal are sure to grow more and more nervous. Constant use of the vocal organs and the consequent strain upon the brain is very severe. Keep still and stop talking if you do not wish to become nervous.

ORIENTAL BELTS.

GIRDLES MADE FROM ANCIENT FABRICS.

If you wish to be quite fashionable, you must collect Oriental belts, of course, with a view to wearing them. Although the materials are usually Oriental, Chinese, or Bulgarian, and the buckles are set with jade, amber, chrysolite, and crystal, the making of the belt and the actual buckle designs are English.

Old embroideries are cut up to make these belts, and Oriental fabrics are embroidered with rich Eastern silks and in designs from rare Chinese tapestries.

One beautiful belt is a strip from a mandarin's coat, showing blue and violet embroidery on peacock-green satin, clasped with peacock's eye feathers and enamel in dull gold. Several are made from the old brocade petticoats of Chinese women, solid masses of flowers, and butterflies in various colours on old pale tinted brocade. The buckles for these butterfly belts are usually coloured crystal set in gold.

A lovely belt of white satin is covered with a twisted dragon in silver, with a silver dragon



Perhaps the most graceful mode of saving the dress from contamination with the pavement is the one depicted above.

buckle set with coral. Another of white linen is embroidered with lotus buds and fastened with a gold lotus flower, open and showing a heart of carved crystal.

Many of these belts are wide and crushed, while they narrow to fit the buckle in front. The buckles are rather bulky, with squares and circles of brilliant stones. Amethyst is beautiful on the white belts, and amber looks rich on the belts of white corded poplin embroidered with gold dragons.

Every collector must have a belt of Japanese leather, stamped and painted, and of Japanese solid embroidered silk, such as many of the prevalent purses and bags are made of.

Pale-coloured leather belts are still very fashionable. Rose, yellow, blue, and grey leathers are embroidered in gold and silver, with hawthorn flowers or writhing monsters; and the buckles are of gold or silver set with stones that harmonise with the colour of the leather.

The simpler belts are of silk linen, embroidered with a flower or two, and fastened with a dull gold harness buckle, or of black satin with a flutter of brilliant butterflies and a clasp of Japanese leather and gold.

Besides the made-up belts, it is possible to get strips of embroidery of a belt size, and separate buckles of every size and every conceivable combination of metal and precious stones with which to make up your own belts. There are beautiful

hand-wrought silver buckles from Tibet, coral, uncut turquoise, and pearl.

Many of these Turkish buckles, as well as necklaces and bracelets, are actually valuable pieces of old jewellery, which will never be duplicated. Some of the beautiful large clasps have been used by Turkish belles to girdle their lovely gauze garments, the necklaces have been headbands, and the bracelets anklets. They are, indeed, valuable additions to the jewel-box.

THE HAT-WEARING MANIA.

A "GRANDE DAME" WHO WEARS HER HAT IN THE BATH.

Society women have been loud in their expressions of envy of the splendid hair possessed by some of the foreign women Salvationists here in London from Germany who wear no hats or bonnets.

Not only does a society woman wear a hat, but she is never without one throughout the day, and in evening toilette also wears some sort of head-covering.

One particular "grande dame," who is very particular about her coiffure, has the hairdresser in to do it every morning in her bedroom. He comes early, and at once crowns her tresses with her hat.

She then takes her bath and completes her toilette, wearing her hat all the time; nor does she ever take it off till dinner time.

The reason why women keep their hats on all day is that with the present puffed-out style of hair-dressing the hair goes quite thick when the hat is taken off, and therefore unbearably.

Women would rather suffer anything than not always look their best as far as possible, and a hat hides many defects.

THE SLAVE'S REVENGE.

"The stomach," says Souvestre, "is a slave which is obliged to accept everything imposed upon it; but finally avenges its wrongs with the slyness and cruelty of a slave."

The eminent French author has happily expressed an important physical fact. When one comes to reflect upon it there is something unique and pitiable about the position of the stomach in the human body. Upon no other organ except the lungs can you impose anything from the outside world. And it is your interest as well as your desire to draw into your lungs pure, fresh air only. And air in some form is the only thing the lungs ever receive. On the other hand, the stomach is a general receptacle, entirely at the mercy of its owner as to what shall be put into it, when, where, and how much. A man can throw into it anything that can be swallowed—every variety of food; any sort of drink, any amount of both, up to the bag's elastic capacity; and, if he wants to, he can put a layer of marbles on top, and finish off with prussic acid.

The point is, as M. Souvestre says, that this is important of all our organs is our slave. It cannot resist, it cannot call the police, it has no recourse to the law; it just takes what comes, and abides its time. But how to take care of the health, how to prevent the outbreak of ailments, is a problem much more complex than it seems to be. Therefore, when the enslaved and outraged stomach turns and lashes its owner with the cat-o-nine-tails called dyspepsia it must not be assumed, offhand, that the owner intended to drive his servant to desperation.

Mr. Thomas Anderson, of 50, Mill-lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne, described in writing on June 3, 1897, how his stomach punished him and what he did to cure his ills. He said: "For many years I suffered with indigestion and weakness. My appetite was bad, and after eating I had pain at the chest and bowels. I never felt well rested, was heavy and weak, got very weak, and at times had to leave my work. I tried several medicines and spent pounds in physic, but got little benefit. A friend told me of the benefit he derived from taking Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine and after taking it could eat well, and the food agreed with me. I soon found that the medicine was doing me more good than anything I had taken. By taking a dose now and again I keep in good health."

It will be seven years next June since Mr. Anderson made that statement, and he has not been ill since—his stomach lashes him no more. Read for yourself what he says to us in a letter, dated at his old home, on February 15, this year:—"Gentlemen, it may interest you to know that since sending you my testimony in 1897 to the value of Mother Seigel's Syrup I have continued to enjoy good health. I still take the medicine as I need it, and would not be without it in the house. When I think of how I suffered I am sorry I did not know of it sooner. I never had a proper night's rest, and I became so weak and languid that I could not work. Nothing did me any good but Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. That cured me, and I shall always be grateful."

It is better never to be sick, but when we do fall ill it is a grand fact that a cure is at hand in the form of Mother Seigel's Syrup, which soothes the stomach and transforms it once more into a willing and faithful servant—not a rebellious slave.

BOY APOSTLE IN LONDON.

Remarkable Youth Who Preached to Dolls When Two Years Old, and is Now Converting Men.

Two religious personalities interest London at the present moment. One is the marvellous old man who has organised the Salvation Army, the other is a wonderful young boy whose preaching draws enormous audiences nightly.

The boy is an American named Lonnie T. Dennis. Every evening at eight o'clock, attired in a small surplice, accompanied by his mother, he preaches from a platform in a canvas tabernacle situated on some building land close to Holloway Station.

Lonnie T. Dennis is only ten years old, yet he stands before a vast audience with absolute self-possession. He preaches a simple Gospel sermon of marked originality of treatment, admirably phrased, and emphasised with energetic gestures. So energetic are these gestures that on one occasion the boy preacher tumbled right out of his

pulpit in an American chapel and nearly fell among his audience.

His appearance is striking. He has all the brightness and animation of childhood with the intellectuality of mature manhood. His forehead is high, his eyes are of unwonted brilliancy. His mouth is firm, full, and decided; the mouth of an orator.

The preaching of this boy is producing a most wonderful effect. His audiences are increasing by leaps and bounds, until at last the vast tent is hardly large enough to hold the flocking crowds.

People of all ages and creeds listen to him in dumb wonder, and his ministry has resulted in a great and increasing number of conversions.

Wonderful Sermons.

Last night the meeting to which he preached was roused to an almost unheard of pitch of religious enthusiasm, which showed itself in the most curious and varied ways.

The boy is inexplicable. He was born at Atlanta, Georgia, of a father of French and Indian descent, and a mother partially of African and American Indian blood.

At the age of two years his vocation showed itself. From that time he was interested in preaching. He preached to congregations consisting of

his parents and half a dozen dolls which had been given to him to play with.

Neighbours looked in and listened to the youthful divine. He first preached publicly in Atlanta, when he was three years and eleven months old.

Then he taught himself to read and write in a way which is almost incredible. Playing about with printed matter he learned to write the alphabet, and almost before his parents realised the fact he was reading the Bible.

Taught by a Child.

From between five and six years of age and onwards he has addressed countless religious gatherings in no fewer than forty-three of the States of the Union. Wherever he has gone men and women have written to him asking him for spiritual guidance.

See yesterday, he spoke of some of his experiences. The most difficult congregation to interest, he declared, was that made up of children of unruly proclivities. He had, he said, no scheme in preaching. He looked at his audience and was guided absolutely by its character.

The boy is accompanied everywhere by his mother, who helps in his services by singing verses of hymns unknown to the audience.

His plans for the future are not yet formed. For another week or two he will preach at Holloway, and then may make a tour of the provinces. Questioned as to what he will ultimately become, he answered modestly, "Guess I'll be a preacher."

DANGERS OF BARGAIN-HUNTING.

How Excited Ladies Lose Their Purses.

After season sales are on, and bargain-hunters are thronging the pavements of the leading London thoroughfares in their thousands.

"We have never been so rushed," said the manager of T. J. Harries and Co., of Oxford-street, to a *Mirror* representative yesterday. "Everywhere there was a crush. Ladies scrambling for the newest French models in hats, toques, and costumes. Maids standing near, weary-looking, and heavily-laden with their mistress's purchases."

In other centres of fashion crowds were equally eager to buy things at half-price. Maison Nouvelle, where bonnets and hats cost anything from six guineas to three, was also the haunt of ladies of high degree yesterday.

Special precautions are taken by the management of West End firms to protect their customers against pickpockets.

One manager told a *Mirror* representative that he had six policemen to look out for suspicious characters. Luckily, complaints have been made so far of ladies losing their purses, but he stated that ladies were very careless.

They placed their purses on the counters, garments and blouses were piled on to them, and when the goods were removed the purses were frequently swept away.

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXVI. (continued.)

"Mrs. Chevenix is coming down the stairs." Miss Grizel would have been less than human had she not turned her head.

Beatriz gazed up also, and, as she looked, she drew her breath sharply. What had Margaret done to herself? for the change in her was marvellous, almost incredible.

Margaret Chevenix walked slowly down the wide staircase. She saw the two women waiting for her on the drawing-room landing—her husband's sister and her husband's daughter. How they must hate and despise her, and yet she must speak to both, accept their patronage or their contempt, for it was part of the bitter task in front of her.

She did not realise how she looked; she did not comprehend the start of surprise with which they greeted her. She had received one long letter from Beatriz informing her of the story the latter had set going in London. How she was a quiet, silent sort of woman who had passed all her life in a dull, sleepy village, unworlly, unpractical. She had done her best to look the part and to tone her manner to it, and she hardly guessed how well she had succeeded, how more than well. Her love for Robert Chevenix had given her the wit and the knowledge—the great, overwhelming love that the fire could not destroy nor the waters overwhelm.

She wore grey, and that, in itself, was a wise choice. A gown of very soft satin that fell in long clinging folds, and the grey resembled in tone the delicate hue of a dove's wing. It was wit and wit, almost puritanically so, and draped about the shoulders with a soft white chiffon fichu, edged with some rare old lace, and a small bunch of violets fastened it like a breast knot.

Round her throat Margaret had tied a bit of black velvet ribbon, and a small diamond star glittered in the centre. She had brushed her loose, untidy fringe away, and wore her hair parted in the middle, waved on each side of her face, and coiled tightly behind.

Her stage experience had taught her how to hold herself and manage her limbs, and she moved forward with a delicate dignity, her long train giving her height.

As she reached the landing she gave one swift, almost imploring glance at Beatriz, and she then turned her eyes on Miss Grizel, waiting, with pathetic humility, for the other to speak.

Beatriz was touched, also delighted and relieved. Mrs. Chevenix would carry the game off, if she only acted her part as well as she looked it, for people might understand the attraction this grey Puritan would offer to a man like Robert Chevenix—sick to death of glitter and light, and his marriage would be regarded as reasonable, and by no means out of character with the man's nature.

As these thoughts flashed through Beatriz's brain she stepped forward with outstretched hands and her glad smile.

"I am so glad to see you," she said charmingly.

"I hope you and my father had a nice time away. Aunt Grizel, this is Mrs. Chevenix." She relinquished Margaret's cold hand and moved back a little to allow Miss Grizel to come forward, but the old lady did nothing of the sort. She only surveyed the shrinking, nervous-looking woman with her sharp falcon-like eyes, gave a stiff jerk of the head, and then began to ascend the stairs.

"Tell your father, Trix," she said sharply and distinctly, whilst turning round to deliver her message, "that Jean and myself intend to dine in the morning-room by ourselves; also that we take our departure early to-morrow morning, leaving the house free for Mrs. Chevenix. You can also do as you like," she went on bitterly, "that we are leaving

the furniture and pictures we brought here so long. We don't want to dismantle rooms or walls; besides, the poor things have lived here so long that it would be like cutting a branch from a tree, tearing ivy from the oak."

Margaret flung all over her white face, and she put her hand to her side unconsciously, as if she had received a sudden stab at the heart, and wanted to press the wound. Then she glanced at Beatriz, as if she recognised her as a friend, and pleaded for advice, but Mrs. Heron just then looked blank. She was at a loss herself, and she realised that to interfere in the matter would do more harm than good.

No, Robert Chevenix's sister and his wife must have their fight between them; no one could help them, and least of all Beatriz.

Margaret gathered up her satin train, gathered it gracefully, and made a hasty step after Miss Grizel.

"Miss Chevenix," she said, in faltering tones, "would you mind speaking to me for a few moments? I think it would be better for everyone's sake if you did. Is there nowhere where we can go, no small, quiet room, the drawing-room is so large?"

"It is the room I usually sit in," replied Miss Grizel coldly; "also I see no necessity for our holding any conversation together; still, if you wish it." Here she turned as she spoke, and made her stately way back to the drawing-room. "Come in, Beatriz," she said, as she passed her niece; "I should prefer you being present at this interview."

Aixel nodded, and followed the two into the drawing-room. Miss Grizel seated herself in one of the large armchairs, and surveyed the other woman like a Judge.

Margaret hesitated for a second, swaying backwards and forwards. When she spoke, her voice was pitched in a low key, but she spoke very clearly, without obviously with some effort.

"Will you not unsay what you have just said, Miss Chevenix? About leaving this house with your sister—because—because of myself," she faltered for a second, then went on in firmer tones; "I do not think I should trouble you much; I shall keep entirely to my own room and society. Beatriz noticed, and noticed with approval, that she did not say *boudoir*, "and we should only meet at lunch and dinner, or receptions like these. I may as well tell you at once that I do not intend to go out; Mr. Chevenix knows that. I am not strong, and I do not care for society. Dinners and receptions I suppose I must appear at, but I shall go nowhere else."

"Are you an invalid, you look strong enough?" Miss Grizel sniffed as she spoke, but Beatriz fancied there was a shade less acidity in her voice; a softer gleam in her eye.

"I am not strong," Margaret repeated her words softly. "And I have a great aversion to society. I do not belong to the world of great people, and I have no desire to enter it. Will you not make up your mind to stay here?" she went on pleadingly; "I promise you shall see so little of me that you will almost forget my presence in the house."

"But the deceit—the treachery," Miss Grizel burst out. "Why didn't Robert tell Jean and me about you, before he slunk off to get married in such a backstairs fashion? We have devoted our lives to him, given him our youth, our time, ourselves, and he takes a wife without even telling us that he cared for any woman enough to marry her. And why did he marry you, great aversion to society? Her taunt was bitter, but her own jealous sorrow was making Miss Grizel very cruel and hard.

"Mr. Chevenix could hardly have married me out of ambition," replied Margaret, with a touch of dignity, "and doubtless he guessed that you would not approve his choice, and so kept the matter a secret."

"I should have welcomed any woman my brother chose to marry," said Miss Grizel, holding her head high. "Like King Copetua, of old, my brother could marry a beggar maid. He is strong enough and powerful enough to effect a marriage without hurt to himself. Not that he has alliance with you in your case, of course; a lady is a lady

always." She paused a second, and then went on hurriedly. "But I am straying from the point. I have been denied my brother's confidence, and that plainly shows me the small share I have in his life. I have no quarrel with you, Mrs. Chevenix, nor has my sister. But it would be impossible for us to remain here, quite impossible." Miss Grizel spoke, the drawing-room door opened with a jerk and Lady Cary ran in unannounced. She had been bidden to the family dinner-party, and had arrived early to chat with Beatriz. She started as her eyes fell on Margaret, and then her whole manner stiffened.

"Do let me to your room, Aunt Grizel," she said, and then turned to her pale hostess. "I must apologise for coming so early, Mrs. Chevenix," then she flashed round and addressed Beatriz. "Won't you come up to Aunt Grizel's sitting-room, Trix? Then we can all three have a talk."

Beatriz Heron shook her head. Feodora and her heartless rudeness jarred on her, and she looked at the pretty, fair-like little person with disapproval. Feo stood up smiling maliciously, and glittering with jewels; but Beatriz realised that she was shallow and empty-headed as well as cruel, and Feo lost the charm she had possessed for Beatriz.

Miss Grizel, however, rose to her feet and linked her lean arm in Lady Cary's, and the two women went together. It seemed to Mrs. Chevenix's morbid fancy as if they pulled their skirts away as they passed her; but this was a mere foolish delusion on her part. However, the slight was obvious, and the blood rushed to her cheek. As soon as the door had closed, she turned to Beatriz, and her voice, when she spoke, was strained and harsh.

"Do let me stay here on my account, Mrs. Heron. I am sorry I made the mistake of coming down so early; I shall know better another time." "You must not speak like that," returned Beatriz quietly, "this is your house, and you are sole mistress here. I am afraid you thought Lady Cary rather free, but she is a thoughtless person, and she has an abrupt way with her. When you know her better—"

"When I know her better," interrupted the other bitterly. "Oh, for heaven's sake, Mrs. Heron, don't mock me like that. Do you think I don't realise my position. I am hated by you all, and no wonder. I look the sort of wife for the Premier, don't I?" she laughed fiercely. "How shall I ever have the courage to get through this evening, with all the world and his wife coming to stare at me? Hadn't I better appear as an artist, and sing one of my songs? I made a fair success as Molly Devine, a better success than I shall to-night."

"Hush, hush," exclaimed Beatriz. "Try and calm yourself, and never forget that walls have ears. For my father's sake, try to get through this evening bravely. You look charming; you don't know how charming, and you will be your own excuse."

"I was pretty, years ago," answered Margaret, a little soothed by the kind speech, "but now, why haven't I got the courage to kill myself? You don't know how thankful he would be; yes, and I can understand the relief he would feel, and yet I'm not a coward." She smiled faintly. "I cut my hand yesterday as a sort of preliminary to cutting my throat; but, there, the sight of blood sickened me, as I might have known it would. I'm a failure all down the line—even as a suicide."

"Margaret," began Beatriz, with some horror grasping the other's arm, whilst the woman glanced herself away with fierce force.

"Don't call me Margaret," she protested wildly, "or try to be kind to me; we can never be really anything to each other, for our lives have been so different. Think of the gulf between Molly Devine and Beatriz Chevenix. Oh, I've led a hard, a life, and you, you've fed upon lilies and roses, and the way has been plain to your feet. You've never worked for your daily bread, have never starved, almost beggared."

"Never mind," replied Beatriz steadily, drawing the poor, half-hysterical woman into the shelter of her strong young arms. "Those sad days are over now. Remember that you are my father's

wife. Dry your tears, dear Margaret, and believe that good days are in store. As for this evening, I'll help you through it. Yes, dear, I promise you I will, and when I say a thing I mean it."

CHAPTER XXVII. After the Reception.

The reception was over, the last guest had gone, and Margaret Chevenix was free to betake herself to the shelter of her own room. She was so tired and exhausted that everything in the large drawing-room seemed to swim before her eyes in a sort of lazy mist, and she had hardly strength left to rise from her chair. She had a strange sensation that Beatriz had told her that she had played her part splendidly, told her with soft flashing eyes, and she remembered that Miss Grizel and Miss Jean had, after all, consented to appear, and Miss Jean had spoken gently to her; yes, she remembered that clearly.

How many hundreds of people had she shaken hands with as she stood by the door, watching the seemingly never-ending crowd of guests ascend the wide staircase? Peers and peeresses, bishops and their wives, big men in office and out of office, mere rich men, clever men, great men, academicians, actors, musicians, aristocratic offshoots of all sorts, generals, barristers, authors of note, beautiful women, plain women, women covered with diamonds, scientists, explorers, girls just budding into roses, grandmothers of seventy.

Her brain reeled as she recalled the long procession, and they had all assembled to do her honour—to do honour to the woman who had once been known as Molly Devine. She laughed a little for all her exhaustion and fatigue as the awful irony of the situation got upon her nerves.

She did not think she had disgraced Robert though; no, she was sure she had not. She could feel quite satisfied on that point. She remembered how troubled he had looked, for his air of Jewish majesty had been somewhat shaken, and together at the drawing-room door. She had not met him face to face since their strange wedding morn, when they had made vows and promises at a quaint, old church in Norfolk, and parted at the church door, not to meet again till they met in Portland-square. For though they stayed at the same hotel, a large suite of rooms ensured complete exclusion to each of the unhappy people whom fate and Paul Carey had united in the bonds of holy matrimony.

He had glanced at her with some relief, at least, she had fancied so, and she understood quite well why he had not dined at home. He had feared the sight of women who might sit opposite to him, and had put off till the last moment seeing the wife he had to present to his world. Well, so much cowardliness might be understood. Even the greatest man on earth must have his ogre, and public opinion is a well-known giant, and the bugbear of more than one successful personage.

Still, she had not disgraced him. No woman can be wholly blind to the impression she makes on the world, and Margaret could not help feeling that she had made a curious sort of success. Beatriz, with careful speech, had led up to this result, and Margaret had done the rest herself. "A lavender lady," that was what Lord Elmisle had called her; the man who had often made or marred a woman's reputation for beauty. He had put her on a safe shrine, and how she had laughed in her tired, broken heart.

The candles were burning down and guttering in their sockets, and the whole atmosphere was heavy with the scent of fading flowers; the big room looked desolate in the extreme. Margaret remembered that her maid would be waiting upstairs to undress her, the prim, neat maid she had seen for the first time that afternoon, so she rose to her feet with a sigh, to sink back on her chair with a low cry as the door opened softly and her husband entered.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

WORRIED BY PARTY WHIPS.

How Apathetic M.P.s Are
Harassed by the Party
Sheep-dogs in Critical
Times.

At the present time a member of Parliament's life is not a happy one. The Party Whips give the M.P.s no peace. Members are warned that there

singers open the committee-room doors, and, in stentorian tones, announce "A division!"

Then, members remembering that the Opposition are trying to get snatch victories, there is a wild rush for the division lobbies. The members who are athletic, or who keep in good form by playing golf, get through the Committee corridor to the division lobbies very soon, taking three stairs at a time, and bounding through the passages like greyhounds.

But there are members who are not athletic, and who don't play golf because they have arrived

at the age of aches and pains; and it would be amusing, if it were not pathetic, to see them tottling along at the rate of half a mile an hour, and arriving at the entrance to the lobby just in time to be shut out.

This happens almost every day now, and the interesting incidents are repeated in the evening, when members are in the libraries, the dining halls, or the smoking rooms, although the distance from these places is not so great as that from the Committee-rooms, which are upstairs, and some at the end of very long corridors.

WATCHFUL WHIPS.

The Whips are very watchful. If a member is seen quietly passing from the lobbies towards the outer entrances he is stopped, and has to promise to return at a certain time or communicate frequently by telephone.

If he goes to a theatre he is kept in a state of nervousness lest he should at any moment be sent for by the party officials. He is afraid to commence a game of billiards at his club for the same reason, and in the cool of the evening to think of Venice at Earl's Court is out of the question.

At the approach of an important division members frequently talk against time while their Party Whips are busy getting in sufficient members from the clubs and theatres to ensure a good majority. On these occasions Palace-yard presents an animated scene, members hurriedly arriving in cabs, carriages, and motor-cars.

When a big division has been expected in the evening the Whips on more than one occasion have telegraphed as far as 200 miles for members.

There are many members of Parliament at the present time who are sighing deeply for "a lodge in some vast wilderness."

SOCIETY'S BAD MANNERS.

Smart Women Fight for Carriages at
Lansdowne House.

It is a well-known fact, becoming daily more firmly established, that the best born people are the worst mannered.

Where one expects good manners and gentleness one meets with more rudeness, vulgarity, and pushing than in a crowd of costers.

Things have been gradually getting worse. People struggle to be first out of church, as they do out of the rain at a fête, and no place is exempt from their vulgar pushing.

One would have thought at the King's Palace people would be orderly, but at a State Ball, or Court, it is perhaps worse than anywhere else.

A lady catches her veil on an ornament or the bouquet of another. She does not wait to disentangle it carefully, but tears away her property, often with an audible remark by no means polite.

The climax, however, was reached at Lansdowne House on the occasion of Lord and Lady Lansdowne's reception in honour of the King's birthday. The party was not over until long after midnight, and when the entrance hall was finally reached it took a great many people an hour and three-quarters to get away.

Great ladies completely forgot themselves, and positively screamed at the servants to get their carriages. They stood upon each other's feet and saw with malicious delight the wreck of an elegant costume.

When the last guest had gone the hall looked like the scene after a rummage sale, so many and varied were the trophies left behind. The host and hostess themselves retired to bed before the last of their guests had left.

PRINCE "PAYS HIS FOOTING."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Thursday.

When the Crown Prince of Germany boarded the Empress's yacht Iduna at Cuxhaven the sailors, as a joke, treated him as a landsman.

They lashed him to the mast, and refused to let him go until he had "paid his footing."

Entering into the spirit of the jest, the Prince paid generous toll, to the men's great delight.



TOO LATE!

In spite of his best endeavours, the Member finds the Division Lobby closed.

must be less apathy and a readier response to division bells or the Government may be compelled to—well, no matter!

Lord Salisbury says the Government will be kept going for many more months, and this means that the Whips intend to be more exacting during the remaining days of the session.

What is happening now has frequently occurred before. The present Government has been in power so long that many of the members are heartily sick of their parliamentary duties, and have no intention of seeking re-election, while others, who were sent to Westminster by very small majorities, know that at the next appeal to their constituency they will be defeated.

The situation has its humorous side. Of the 600 odd members of Parliament not more than 60 are "talkers." Of the rest many are good business men, merchants, traders, town and county councillors, or lawyers, and at this time of the year they are engaged on Select Committee work, which means entering the precincts of St. Stephen's at eleven or twelve o'clock in the day, and being kept busy for several hours before going into the House proper.

If a division takes place when the Committees are sitting the electric bells are set ringing in all parts of the building, and the Parliamentary mes-



The rush from the distant Committee-rooms when the division bell rings.

BEAUTY MARRED MADE PERFECT AGAIN.

INDISPUTABLE CURE OF OBESITY.

Nothing is so distressing to a lady or gentleman of refinement as a condition of corpulency that seems to defy all remedies. There are many, even, who esteem themselves fortunate if, by methods entailing semi-starvation and other disagreeable restrictions, they can keep the corpulent tendency within bounds for a time. This, of course, engenders physical weakness and may induce anæmic symptoms, so that more nourishment is called for, with the natural result that the fat begins to develop anew.

Just as there can be no perfect beauty where there is excessive fatness, there can be no real beauty without health; and only a system which can permanently cure corpulency whilst increasing health, strength, and vitality is of any true value. Many so-called remedies are not only merely temporary as regards reduction of weight, but are pernicious, are ruinous to the constitution, and should be carefully avoided.

The one treatment that fulfils all the desirable conditions as a lasting and radical cure for obesity, and as a tonic and strengthening régime, is the well-known "Russell" treatment, which has done wonders for so many of our stout friends and readers. The "Russell" treatment not only does not call for any unreasonable and discommoding restrictive measures as regards dietary, but absolutely requires that the subject should partake regularly of a normal quantity of wholesome, well-prepared food. Everything is pleasant and easy with this ideal treatment. The chief curative agent is a purely vegetable and perfectly harmless liquid compound. Its effect is dual. It aids powerfully in the process of throwing out of the system all the superfluous fat deposits, both internal and subcutaneous, and it promotes a healthy and hearty appetite, assists digestion and nutrition, and effectively tones up and reinvigorates the entire system. Thus, by increasing and solidifying the muscular fibre, and by giving increased nerve force, it gets the body in a fit condition to withstand the rapid decrease of weight in superabundant fat.

That is the whole process—one that has given permanent health, comfort, and elegance to thousands. In the standard work, "Corpulency and the Cure," by the founder of the "Russell" treatment, there will be found, besides the most exhaustive information on the causes and the cure of corpulency, and the recipe of the compound described above, a host of extracts from letters of men and women who have found salvation in the "Russell" treatment. These are worth careful study, as they prove beyond possibility of dispute not only the permanent reductive effects of the treatment, but also its great strengthening and vitalizing effect upon the constitution. For this purpose our stout readers are strongly advised to procure a free copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" (10th edition, 256 pages). This they can do by sending three penny stamps (to defray postage under private envelope) to the well-known author and specialist, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford-square, London, W.C., who will take pleasure in forwarding the book by return mail. Nothing could be more interesting to stout persons than Mr. Russell's lucidly-compised treatise.

The weight-reducing value of the "Russell" treatment may be judged by the fact established that within twenty-four hours of beginning it there is, in quite ordinary cases of obesity, a reduction varying between 1½ and 2½. Then, day by day, there is a steady loss until elegant proportions and normal weight are reached. The treatment may then be set aside. There is no need for any further trouble, as, with the proper observance of the rules of hygiene, the cure will be found to be permanent.

FREE TO ALL

A FAMOUS BOOK.

"Corpulency and the Cure"

By F. CECIL RUSSELL.

This Standard Work on the Causes and the Cure of Obesity (256 pages) will be sent, post free, under plain sealed envelope, to all stout readers of the "DAILY MIRROR" who will apply to Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, London, W.C., enclosing three penny stamps. "Corpulency and the Cure" contains most exhaustive information on everything of interest to sufferers from obesity, or to those who have a tendency to stoutness; also weights and tables relating to the human frame in respect to natural proportions. Besides these, there is the "recipe" of the principal compound forming part of the "Russell" treatment, showing a purely harmless vegetable nature together with hundreds of unsolicited testimonials from grateful patients in all parts of the globe, and copious extracts from the medical and general press endorsing and highly commending Mr. Russell's now famous system.

EVERYBODY.

SPLENDID RACING AT NEWMARKET.

Rock Sand Wins the Princess of Wales's Stakes in a Canter—Sundridge Champion Sprinter.

SPECIAL DESCRIPTION BY "GREY FRIARS."

NEWMARKET, Thursday Night.

There was a large and distinguished company present under the leafy shade of the plantation when Sir J. Miller's Rock Sand was saddled this afternoon for the Princess of Wales's Stakes.

This £10,000 stake has often fallen to very moderate horses, and the opposition to-day to Rock Sand was very weak. Cheers was under suspicion as to soundness, and nothing much could be said in favour of such horses as William Rufus, Exchequer, and Salspeter with Rock Sand in the field. That this was the emphatic opinion of practical men was seen in the market. There was some speculation, and the prohibitive odds of 100 to 6 were asked for on Rock Sand. There was some fancy betting as to the placing of the subordinate lot, and backers, without exception, who played this game all lost, since Rock Sand was in a canter, and the outsider of the party, Salspeter, finished second.

The day was delightful, and the course, although hardening under the continuous sunshine and the galloping of the racers, still afforded pretty good going. The start over the Suffolk Stakes Course of a mile and a half is screened from the view of people on the stands by a belt of trees, but when the competitors came into view we saw Rock Sand leading from Cheers and Exchequer. As they came down into the dip Rock Sand was travelling still in front, and Cheers appeared to be going very well on the stand side, but, unfortunately, immediately afterwards broke down, and a quarter of a mile from home Salspeter took second place.

Rock Sand Wins.

William Rufus fell to pieces coming up the hill, and Rock Sand, though winning in a canter, only scored by a couple of lengths from Salspeter, who, in getting second place, won 1,500 sovs for Mr. Leonard Brassey; and William Rufus, in just beating Exchequer for third place, won 1,000 sovs for Mr. Musker.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and, indeed, the vast assemblage of notables, adjourned right to the end of the plantation to see the race for the July Cup, which was expected to be a battle royal between Sundridge and Cossack. The owner of the former, in a prophetic mood, declined to meet Sir James Miller's horse over any distance greater than five furlongs. Now the distance was six furlongs, and, moreover, Sundridge was conceding Cossack 5lb. Blackwell's patrons, and the sharpest men in the ring, were very sanguine of defeating Sundridge, and many of the big backers stepped in and laid 600 to 400 on Cossack to win some thousands.

There were ominous rumours among people who should have been well posted about Sundridge, but that horse had plenty of friends. The third candidate—Orchid—was practically neglected. At his best he could only make a moderate show, and, besides, others, and, in addition, his erratic temper was a big factor against him. Indeed, Orchid showed restlessness, and delayed the start.

There was breathless gazing as Sundridge came bowling down the hill at terrible speed, with M. Cannon sitting quite still. Cossack was close up, and on the first five furlongs Maher, his rider, did not seem uneasy. It subsequently turned out that Maher was afraid to move as Cossack was not in his best mood.

Sundridge's Splendid Running.

When the sixth furlong was entered on we watched with intense interest for any change, but none occurred, and to the finish Sundridge galloped on a right line, and smoothly, with a commanding lead, and ultimately won by a length and a half. Cossack was double that distance in front of Orchid. Thus Mr. J. B. Joel's big horse for the third year in the other canter won the July Cup, and gains the title of champion sprinter.

The Duke of Devonshire, early in the day, had the satisfaction of seeing his colours score on the Claque filly, in the Two-Year-Old Plate—a race which brought out some twenty runners. Chief danger was feared from Economical and Keen, but neither of them made much of a show, and the Claque filly found the greatest opposition from Egypt. The latter failed to catch her at any point from flag-fall to finish. Mr. Steddall subsequently paid 470 guineas for the winner.

Mr. Steddall earlier in the week had purchased Assiout for 390 guineas, and that horse, although he had not the same luck at the start, behind Gilbert Orme, Camphor, and Gascony in the Selling Plate, went within an ace of scoring. The book said that it was any odds on Gilbert Orme beating Gascony, but the market, which is usually a safer guide, told a different tale. Gascony, indeed, opened at liberal rates, and was backed down to 9 to 4.

Gascony was travelling well on the stand side, but Assiout on the other side of the stand went to the front in the last half-mile, and a most exciting race up the hill with Camphor ended in the defeat of Assiout by a short head. Camphor afterwards realised 390 guineas at auction.

Langbligh had scarcely anything to do in the Exeter Stakes to beat Lord Ellesmere's Koorhaan,

while the third competitor was altogether outclassed. Backers were all at sea in the Maiden Handicap. Weatherwise, on the strength of a reported trial, was in great demand, but gave way in the market to the Hathor gelding, which was backed with remarkable confidence, and there was also considerable money for Double Cherry. There had been a tip for Uncle Marcus, but his number was removed from the frame. The winner turned up in Connet, who drew out in the bottom to win very cleverly from Burgundy and a dozen others.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

- 1.0.—Welter Handicap—ASTOLAT.
- 1.30.—All-Aged Selling Plate—ROYAL RIVER.
- 2.0.—Princess's Plate—ALTOVISCAR.
- 2.30.—Fulbourne Stakes—GOLDEN GLEAM.
- 3.0.—Waterbach Handicap Plate—SHERWOOD'S SELECTED.

- 3.30.—Ellesmere Stakes—ROBERT LE DIABLE.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

ROYAL RIVER.

GREY FRIARS.

THE TWO BEST THINGS.

Wiring from Newmarket last night "The Squire" says:—

"To-morrow, the last day of the meeting at Newmarket, should bring forth some more capital sport, and I expect to see the following successful:—

- 1.30.—All-Aged Plate—THE PAGAN.
- 3.30.—Ellesmere Stakes—ROBERT LE DIABLE."

RACING RETURNS.

NEWMARKET.—THURSDAY.

2.0.—TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE of 200 sovs; those entered to be sold for 500 sovs allowed 7lb; if for 200 sovs allowed 15lb. Chesterfield Course (six furlongs).
 Duke of Devonshire's ROYAL RIVER, 8th 9lb (2400) .. Brown
 Sir J. Miller's LUCKY GIRL, 7th 9lb (2400) .. Griggs
 Lord Derby's c by Perseus—Guesney Lily, 8th 13lb (2400) .. Maher
 Duke of Portland's Ormsby, 8th 13lb .. M. Cannon
 Mr. J. Waller's Cantonian, 8th 9lb .. Jarvis
 Mr. A. W. Merry's c by Perigord—Heather, 8th 5lb (2400) .. Brown
 Mr. Harvey Camphor, 8th 2lb (2400) .. Watta
 Mr. H. Henning's La Belle Laine, 8th 2lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. W. Low's c by Velasquez—Mets III, 8th 2lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. L. de Rothschild's Tamara, 8th 2lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. J. King's Cantonian, 8th 2lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. A. de Rothschild's Pieces of Eight, 7th 15lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. J. Muller's Queen Mary, 7th 15lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. Ernest Dresden's Anser, 7th 15lb (2400) .. J. H. Martin
 Mr. H. Lambert's f by The Bush—Trotter, 7th 15lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. F. Lumsden's Morris, 7th 9lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. J. King's Cantonian, 8th 2lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. L. Neumann's Keenun, 7th 9lb (2400) .. W. Lane
 Mr. W. C. B. Sayer's GARDON, 7th 9lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. A. Stedall's Din, 7th 9lb (2400) .. Maher
 (Winner trained by Goodwin.)

Betting—9 to 2 on Claque, 5 to 1 on Economical, 6 to 1 on Keen, 7 to 1 on Egypt, 10 to 1 on Din, 20 to 1 on Lucky Girl, 30 to 1 on Heather, 40 to 1 on Watta, 50 to 1 on La Belle Laine, 60 to 1 on Mets III, 70 to 1 on Tamara, 80 to 1 on Pieces of Eight, 90 to 1 on Queen Mary, 100 to 1 on Anser, 110 to 1 on Trotter, 120 to 1 on Morris, 130 to 1 on Cantonian, 140 to 1 on Keenun, 150 to 1 on GARDON, 160 to 1 on Din, 170 to 1 on Maher.

2.30.—SELLING PLATE of 400 sovs; winner to be sold for 1,000 sovs; if for 500 sovs allowed 10lb; if for 200 sovs allowed 17lb. B.M. one mile.
 Mr. J. Henning's CAMPHOR, 7th 9lb (2400) .. Jarvis
 Mr. A. Stedall's ASSIOUT, 7th 11lb (2400) .. W. Lane
 Mr. W. C. B. Sayer's GARDON, 7th 11lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. G. Miller's Gilbert Orme, 7th 6lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. G. Miller's Colonel Wozac, 7th 11lb (2400) .. Maher
 Lord Penrhyn's Perfection, 7th 11lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. L. de Rothschild's LIL, 7th 11lb (2400) .. Maher
 Mr. L. Lamb's Camp, 7th 9lb (2400) .. Maher
 (Winner trained by Brewer.)

Betting—7 to 4 on Assiout, 5 to 1 on GARDON, 5 to 1 on Camphor, 5 to 1 on Orme, 5 to 1 on Wozac, 5 to 1 on Perfection, 5 to 1 on Lil, 5 to 1 on Camp, 5 to 1 on Maher.

3.0.—PRINCESS OF WALES'S STAKES of 10,000 sovs; second to receive 1,500 sovs; the third 1,000 sovs; the fourth 500 sovs; the fifth 250 sovs; the sixth 100 sovs; the seventh 50 sovs; the eighth 25 sovs; the ninth 10 sovs; the tenth 5 sovs; the eleventh 2 sovs; the twelfth 1 sovs; the thirteenth 1 sovs; the fourteenth 1 sovs; the fifteenth 1 sovs; the sixteenth 1 sovs; the seventeenth 1 sovs; the eighteenth 1 sovs; the nineteenth 1 sovs; the twentieth 1 sovs; the twenty-first 1 sovs; the twenty-second 1 sovs; the twenty-third 1 sovs; the twenty-fourth 1 sovs; the twenty-fifth 1 sovs; the twenty-sixth 1 sovs; the twenty-seventh 1 sovs; the twenty-eighth 1 sovs; the twenty-ninth 1 sovs; the thirtieth 1 sovs; the thirty-first 1 sovs; the thirty-second 1 sovs; the thirty-third 1 sovs; the thirty-fourth 1 sovs; the thirty-fifth 1 sovs; the thirty-sixth 1 sovs; the thirty-seventh 1 sovs; the thirty-eighth 1 sovs; the thirty-ninth 1 sovs; the fortieth 1 sovs; the forty-first 1 sovs; the forty-second 1 sovs; the forty-third 1 sovs; the forty-fourth 1 sovs; the forty-fifth 1 sovs; the forty-sixth 1 sovs; the forty-seventh 1 sovs; the forty-eighth 1 sovs; the forty-ninth 1 sovs; the fiftieth 1 sovs; the fifty-first 1 sovs; the fifty-second 1 sovs; the fifty-third 1 sovs; the fifty-fourth 1 sovs; the fifty-fifth 1 sovs; the fifty-sixth 1 sovs; the fifty-seventh 1 sovs; the fifty-eighth 1 sovs; the fifty-ninth 1 sovs; the sixtieth 1 sovs; the sixty-first 1 sovs; the sixty-second 1 sovs; the sixty-third 1 sovs; the sixty-fourth 1 sovs; the sixty-fifth 1 sovs; the sixty-sixth 1 sovs; the sixty-seventh 1 sovs; the sixty-eighth 1 sovs; the sixty-ninth 1 sovs; the seventieth 1 sovs; the seventy-first 1 sovs; the seventy-second 1 sovs; the seventy-third 1 sovs; the seventy-fourth 1 sovs; the seventy-fifth 1 sovs; the seventy-sixth 1 sovs; the seventy-seventh 1 sovs; the seventy-eighth 1 sovs; the seventy-ninth 1 sovs; the eightieth 1 sovs; the eighty-first 1 sovs; the eighty-second 1 sovs; the eighty-third 1 sovs; the eighty-fourth 1 sovs; the eighty-fifth 1 sovs; the eighty-sixth 1 sovs; the eighty-seventh 1 sovs; the eighty-eighth 1 sovs; the eighty-ninth 1 sovs; the ninetieth 1 sovs; the ninety-first 1 sovs; the ninety-second 1 sovs; the ninety-third 1 sovs; the ninety-fourth 1 sovs; the ninety-fifth 1 sovs; the ninety-sixth 1 sovs; the ninety-seventh 1 sovs; the ninety-eighth 1 sovs; the ninety-ninth 1 sovs; the one hundredth 1 sovs; the one hundred and first 1 sovs; the one hundred and second 1 sovs; the one hundred and third 1 sovs; the one hundred and fourth 1 sovs; the one hundred and fifth 1 sovs; the one hundred and sixth 1 sovs; the one hundred and seventh 1 sovs; the one hundred and eighth 1 sovs; the one hundred and ninth 1 sovs; the one hundred and tenth 1 sovs; the one hundred and eleventh 1 sovs; the one hundred and twelfth 1 sovs; the one hundred and thirteenth 1 sovs; the one hundred and fourteenth 1 sovs; the one hundred and fifteenth 1 sovs; the one hundred and sixteenth 1 sovs; the one hundred and seventeenth 1 sovs; the one hundred and eighteenth 1 sovs; the one hundred and nineteenth 1 sovs; the one hundred and twentieth 1 sovs; the one hundred and twenty-first 1 sovs; the one hundred and twenty-second 1 sovs; the one hundred and twenty-third 1 sovs; the one hundred and twenty-fourth 1 sovs; the one hundred and twenty-fifth 1 sovs; the one hundred and twenty-sixth 1 sovs; the one hundred and twenty-seventh 1 sovs; the one hundred and twenty-eighth 1 sovs; the one hundred and twenty-ninth 1 sovs; the one hundred and thirtieth 1 sovs; the one hundred and thirty-first 1 sovs; the one hundred and thirty-second 1 sovs; the one hundred and thirty-third 1 sovs; the one hundred and thirty-fourth 1 sovs; the one hundred and thirty-fifth 1 sovs; the one hundred and thirty-sixth 1 sovs; the one hundred and thirty-seventh 1 sovs; the one hundred and thirty-eighth 1 sovs; the one hundred and thirty-ninth 1 sovs; the one hundred and fortieth 1 sovs; the one hundred and forty-first 1 sovs; 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ANDREW (7st 6lb), Pure Gold (6st 10lb), and Pradella (7st 10lb) at Ascot, July 1st. **SAITPETER (6st 4lb)**, was fourth and last to Rock Sand (6st 10lb), Santry (6st 5lb), and Scaptee (9st 5lb) at Windsor last month.

PERORATION (8st 13lb) ran wide in the race won by Royal Head (6st 5lb) at Ascot, June 5. 1st. 5 fur.

PERORATION (8st 13lb) ran easily from Antonio (8st 5lb) and The Scribe (9st 5lb). 1st. 2 fur.

TRIAL AT NEWMARKET.

R. Marsh's Perchant (H. Jones) beat Sadler, senior's Early Bird (R. Jones) over five furlongs; won by a neck.

ORDER OF RUNNING AT WORCESTER.

Elmley Plate	2.0
Stanton Plate	2.0
Hindlip Maiden Plate	3.0
Pitchcroft Selling Handicap	3.50
City Wellor Handicap	4.0
Corevort Maiden Plate	4.30

LIVERPOOL CUP WEIGHTS.

Bachelors	Yrs at lb	Prize Royal	Yrs at lb	William's	Yrs at lb
Button	5	8	4	8	6
Whistling	8	8	4	8	6
Whistling	8	8	4	8	6
Whistling	8	8	4	8	6
Whistling	8	8	4	8	6
Whistling	8	8	4	8	6
Whistling	8	8	4	8	6
Whistling	8	8	4	8	6
Whistling	8	8	4	8	6
Whistling	8	8	4	8	6

JOCKEY CLUB CUP.

The following amended list of entries for the Jockey Club Cup is published in yesterday's "Racing Calendar."

Throwaway	Yrs	Wild Oats	Yrs	Chatsworth	Yrs
Scaptee	5	8	4	8	6
Bachelors' Button	5	8	4	8	6
Bachelors' Button	5	8	4	8	6
Bachelors' Button	5	8	4	8	6
Bachelors' Button	5	8	4	8	6
Bachelors' Button	5	8	4	8	6
Bachelors' Button	5	8	4	8	6
Bachelors' Button	5	8	4	8	6
Bachelors' Button	5	8	4	8	6
Bachelors' Button	5	8	4	8	6

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Harwood, Mr. Jersey, and Mr. H. E. Randall each have a sealed nomination, which will not be opened until after the running for the Cambridgeshire.

YESTERDAY'S BLOODSTOCK SALES.

There were some exceedingly nice-looking yearlings submitted for sale in the Park paddocks, Newmarket, yesterday morning, and though in some cases good prices were realised.

The Diamond Jubilee colt—Dane Aqueta—was secured by Mr. Bays for £500 pounds out of the property of Mr. Russell Swanwick's lot, but this well-known breeder had to be content with £400 pounds for two others—Flair and Dame Fortune.

Sir D. Cooper's filly failed to reach the reserves; Mr. Farnham's colt out of Clef d'Or, the property of the late Lord Alington, went to Mr. Lucienbacher for 340 guineas.

FATHER OF THE TURF DEAD.

The death is announced of Mr. W. M. Redfern, one of the oldest patrons of sport, and generally known as "The Father of the Turf," which took place yesterday morning at his London residence.

Mr. Redfern was in his eighty-fifth year. His colours—blue, white stripes, red cap—have not been seen out on the racecourse so frequently of late years as they were a decade ago, he having recently disposed of his horses.

Among the better-known horses that have carried Mr. Redfern's pretty liveries to the fore mention may be made of Yard Arm, Fatherless, Hampton Prince, Ravensworth, Princess Fairy, Tennis, and Wolf.

SCORING EXTRAORDINARY.

Iremonger's century against Lancashire yesterday was his fourth in successive matches. In his last five innings he has scored no fewer than 840 runs, or actually 38 more than C. B. Fry aggregated in 1901 when he scored his record run of five consecutive centuries.

Iremonger's last five scores are as follows:—
273 v. Kent.
180 v. Middlesex.
143 v. Derbyshire.
40 v. Derbyshire.
197 v. Lancashire.

840 average 212.5.
"Signifies not out."
This probably carries a record for five consecutive centuries in first-class cricket.

The following hundreds were hit yesterday:—
Total. Batmen. Time. Best hits.
197 ... Iremonger (Notts) ... 230 min. ... 34 4's.
124 ... G. Curgenven (Derby) ... 235 min. ... 17 4's.
124 ... A. S. Glover (Warwick) ... 210 min. ... 13 4's.

HENLEY PRACTICE.

Several trials took place at Henley yesterday morning. The weather was very warm, with a light breeze from the bushes side of the river.

The Winnie four rowed over in the second race in 8 min. 5 sec., doing the first half in 3 min. 54 sec.

Lord Mahon rowed in the third race in 9 min. 4 sec. The London Rowing Club's second eight ran into a pile, smashing a low outrigger.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

Yesterday in town there was no response to an offer of 1,000 to 800 against Pretty Polly for the St. Leger.

The stewards of the National Hunt Committee have withdrawn the notice of warning-off, published on April 24, so far as it related to John Peck, and he is to be a starter for the Carlisle Two-Year-Old Plate on Wednesday.

It is stated that Mr. D. J. Jardine, the owner of Evangeline filly, has lodged an appeal against the decision of the Cambridgeshire Stewards to allow him to be a starter for the Carlisle Two-Year-Old Plate on Wednesday.

In a tennis match at Lord's yesterday C. ("Punch") Fair beat the French professional, Ferdinand Garin, by 3 sets to 2, with scores of 4-6, 6-0, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2.

In a match at Prince's Park earlier in the week the French player proved successful.

The "Racing Calendar" states that there was no challenge for the cup, at present held by Mr. F. Alexander, on Tuesday last. The whip, which may be challenged for in the same manner as the cup, and which is at present held by Sir E. Cassel, must be challenged for on the Tuesday after the Second July Meeting.

IREMONGER IRREPRESSIBLE.

The Great Notts Batsman Scores His Fourth Hundred in Five Innings.

Winning the toss, and going in first on a fast wicket at Trent Bridge yesterday, Notts made good use of their opportunity, keeping their opponents in the field all day, and only losing three wickets in scoring 363 runs. The foundation of this capital score was laid by James and Iremonger, who in about two hours put up 160 for the first wicket.

James, who had the misfortune to play on, gave a delightful display that was quite free from any blemish. He hardly batted with his usual freedom, but he made a number of fine strokes all round the wicket. His score included eight 4's.

Well as the Notts captain played, he was quite overshadowed by Iremonger, who added another to his recent batting triumphs. He stayed in until the score was 345, being third out, and contributed 107. Iremonger, who had been dismissed at extra aid by Hornby, who misjudged the catch and after two attempts to hold the ball lost it. That and two faulty strokes through the slips were the only blemishes in a masterly exhibition of sound defence and powerful play in front of the wicket. Iremonger was batting for four hours and fifty minutes, and hit twenty-four 4's. This is the fourth hundred that Iremonger has obtained in five successive innings for Notts.

John Gunn stayed in for three-quarters of an hour for the second wicket, while 62 runs were added, and Iremonger was batting for an hour and a half in the third partnership, which lasted just over two hours and realised 114.

With Barclay still on the injured list, and Huddleston not available, MacLaren did not have sufficient bowling at his command.

Present score and analysis:—

IREMONGER	C. Wornley	Day	not out	57
Cuttell	197	Hemmings	not out	8
Gunn	114	Extras	74	9
Gunn	114	Extras	74	9
Gunn	114	Extras	74	9
Gunn	114	Extras	74	9
Gunn	114	Extras	74	9
Gunn	114	Extras	74	9
Gunn	114	Extras	74	9
Gunn	114	Extras	74	9
Gunn	114	Extras	74	9

Wicket-keepers:—A. C. MacLaren, H. G. Garnett, A. H. Hornby, L. O. R. Poole, R. H. Spooner, Cuttell, Hallows, Sharp, Tidylove, Joyner, and Kermode.

LEICESTER'S MODERATE START.

Winning the toss Leicestershire failed to make the most of their opportunity at Brighton yesterday, being dismissed for 124 runs.

The innings lasted four hours and twenty minutes, and considering that three wickets fell for 37, the total was not a bad one. It was a thoroughly good pitch, with the outfield fast, the performance on the Home ground was very moderate.

Wicket-keepers:—The batting was singularly uneven. Knight and Whitehead made 68 in an hour after the early disaster, and Whitehead and Cox put on 88 in seventy minutes, the total of the fall of the wicket being 124.

Seven batsmen were out for 198, and then, thanks to Odel, the last three partnerships produced 79 runs. Knight, fourth out at 103, batted admirably for an hour and fifty minutes, hitting nine 4's.

Whitehead, fifth out at 103, batted for two hours and twenty minutes, but was badly missed by Fry at long on when 63. Waiting his opportunities he hit seven 4's.

Odel, who was out for 124, batted for two hours and twenty minutes, but was badly missed by Fry at long on when 63. Waiting his opportunities he hit seven 4's.

Relief was by far the most difficult of the Sussex bowlers, and there seemed no good reason for taking him off at 53 after he had got the first three wickets.

Wicket-keepers:—The bowling was often chaotic, and Odel, who was out for 124, batted for two hours and twenty minutes, but was badly missed by Fry at long on when 63. Waiting his opportunities he hit seven 4's.

Present score and analysis:—

LEICESTERSHIRE.	Cox	Coe	Brann	Killick	36
U. E. de Trafford	52	Gill	Butt	Killick	0
Butt	52	Gill	Butt	Killick	0
Butt	52	Gill	Butt	Killick	0
Butt	52	Gill	Butt	Killick	0
Butt	52	Gill	Butt	Killick	0
Butt	52	Gill	Butt	Killick	0
Butt	52	Gill	Butt	Killick	0
Butt	52	Gill	Butt	Killick	0
Butt	52	Gill	Butt	Killick	0
Butt	52	Gill	Butt	Killick	0

First Innings.—C. B. Fry (not out) 46, Vine (not out) 15, enclosure five seasons 480.

W. Newham, G. Brann, C. L. A. Smith, Killick, Reif, Leach, Cox, Butt, and Tate.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—First Innings.

Cox ... 30 ... 6 ... 80 ... 2 ... Killick ... 14 ... 0 ... 70 ... 3

Leach ... 11 ... 1 ... 35 ... 0 ...

Reif ... 11 ... 1 ... 35 ... 0 ...

It was a fine innings in every sense of the word, for he never gave the slightest clue that came close to him.

He was a complete collapse as followed by utterly inexorable on a such a perfect wicket. Quaise took two hours and a quarter to make 87. Lilley was in a quarter of an hour for 11 runs, and Charlesworth in twenty minutes, scoring. The last six wickets actually went down for 114.

Yorkshire are playing Lord Hawke and Oyston for Canoe and Whitehead, who were on the side that defeated Hampshire, and Warwickshire are giving a

trial to T. H. Watson, a Cantab, and a fast bowler, who played once for Cambridge against Surrey last season. Present score and analysis:—

T. S. Flawick	c Hunter	Lilley	lbw b Rhodes	1
Rhodes	80	Charlesworth	b Rhodes	0
Kinnear	c Truncell	White	c Wainwright	0
Hirst	5	Rhodes	b Rhodes	0
A. G. S. Glover	c b	Moorhouse	b Rhodes	0
Rhodes	124	T. Watson	b Haigh	0
Quaise	c Hunter	Hargrave	not out	1
Hirst	57	Extras		0
J. M. Byrne	c Wainwright	b Rhodes		0
Wainwright	25	Total		307

Yorkshire team.—Lord Hawke, H. Wilkinson, Tuncellif, Denton, Hirst, Rhodes, Oyston, Myers, Haigh, Wainwright, and Hunter.

WARWICKSHIRE.—First Innings.	O	m	r	w	Y
Hirst	0	1	13	Myers	21
Haigh	26	5	53	Rhodes	41
Oyston	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41

Yorkshire team.—Lord Hawke, H. Wilkinson, Tuncellif, Denton, Hirst, Rhodes, Oyston, Myers, Haigh, Wainwright, and Hunter.

WARWICKSHIRE.—First Innings.

Present score and analysis:—

CURGENVEN'S FIRST CENTURY.	O	m	r	w	Y
Curgenven	0	1	13	Myers	21
Haigh	26	5	53	Rhodes	41
Oyston	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41

Yorkshire team.—Lord Hawke, H. Wilkinson, Tuncellif, Denton, Hirst, Rhodes, Oyston, Myers, Haigh, Wainwright, and Hunter.

WARWICKSHIRE.—First Innings.

Present score and analysis:—

DERBYSHIRE.	O	m	r	w	Y
Curgenven	0	1	13	Myers	21
Haigh	26	5	53	Rhodes	41
Oyston	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41

Yorkshire team.—Lord Hawke, H. Wilkinson, Tuncellif, Denton, Hirst, Rhodes, Oyston, Myers, Haigh, Wainwright, and Hunter.

WARWICKSHIRE.—First Innings.

Present score and analysis:—

IREMONGER'S FIRST CENTURY.	O	m	r	w	Y
Iremonger	0	1	13	Myers	21
Haigh	26	5	53	Rhodes	41
Oyston	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41

Yorkshire team.—Lord Hawke, H. Wilkinson, Tuncellif, Denton, Hirst, Rhodes, Oyston, Myers, Haigh, Wainwright, and Hunter.

WARWICKSHIRE.—First Innings.

Present score and analysis:—

IREMONGER'S FIRST CENTURY.	O	m	r	w	Y
Iremonger	0	1	13	Myers	21
Haigh	26	5	53	Rhodes	41
Oyston	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
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Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41

Yorkshire team.—Lord Hawke, H. Wilkinson, Tuncellif, Denton, Hirst, Rhodes, Oyston, Myers, Haigh, Wainwright, and Hunter.

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Present score and analysis:—

IREMONGER'S FIRST CENTURY.	O	m	r	w	Y
Iremonger	0	1	13	Myers	21
Haigh	26	5	53	Rhodes	41
Oyston	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
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Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41
Wainwright	25	6	73	Wainwright	41

Yorkshire team.—Lord Hawke, H. Wilkinson, Tuncellif, Denton, Hirst, Rhodes, Oyston, Myers, Haigh, Wainwright, and Hunter.

WARWICKSHIRE.—First Innings.

Present score and analysis:—

Probably no professional ever enjoyed greater popularity with the public. Born on September 3, 1841, he was in his sixty-third year. He was rather late in

